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JOURNAL

OF

A FEW MONTHS' RESIDENCE

IN

PORTUGAL,

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OF THE
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We left Oporto on the 31st of March, 1846, for the Foz, where we took up our quarters at a tolerable summer inn, kept by an Irishwoman, in the Rua Direita, and only open during winter for the accommodation of the English steamboat passengers. Here we had to wait till nine o'clock next evening, when, just as we were comfortably seated round the tea-table, the signal-gun was fired, and the servant came in to tell us that the steamer was waiting off the Huts; and almost before we could rise from our seats the door of our upstairs sitting-room was literally besieged with women and children, each trying to force herself into the room and seize the

first package she could lay hands upon to carry off to the boat. The noise and confusion were something appalling: we were obliged to call for the landlady's husband (a Portuguese) and beg him to insist upon these Carreta girls leaving the room till we had arranged our luggage; and no easy matter was it for him, assisted by two or three of his Gallegos, to clear our premises of this vociferous, half-joking, half-quarrelling mob of most industrious human beings. They remained outside the door till we were ready; we then entreated them to enter one at a time to prevent confusion, but we might just as well have entreated the winds and waves, for in they all rushed, and we ladies were obliged to take refuge in the far corner of the room, to secure ourselves from being run over by the crowd, or knocked down by the great boxes as they were in the act of being lifted upon the heads of these very pretty creatures, most of them acquaintances of ours, each of whom had some pretty compliment or kindly word of farewell to give as she left the room. At last every package was disposed of, and the few girls who got nothing, being *thus* assured there was nothing for them, quietly departed. We soon joined our luggage-

bearers in the street, and all proceeded together on foot to the Huts. The road thither has been already described, so you may easily imagine what a singularly wild and picturesque group we made, ploughing our way by moonlight through that deep sand, close to the white waves of the Atlantic, which were breaking upon or dashing over the great black rocks—Oh, such grand music! and then the cheerful voices of the girls as they sang in chorus, or interchanged the merry jest, or raised a scream of affected distress when one or other stumbled against a stone hidden in the sand. Some of the boatmen came to meet us, and, in terms not over-courteous, urged us to hurry on, or we should be left behind;—"The steamer would wait no longer."

The luggage was all safely disposed of in the boat, which had been dragged down from the Huts to the water's edge. We took our seats as best we could, while the boatmen were now up to their knees in water, pushing or hauling at the boat, now jumping into it, seizing an oar and trying to force her off with that. At last, by dint of pushing and pulling and screaming and scolding, we were fairly afloat; the oarsmen in a moment were *seated*, the pilot at his post *standing* at the stern. Another moment

brought us to the point of peril, the end of the pier, where the waves break violently even in what the sailors call "good weather," and where, if the greatest judgment is not shown on the part of the pilot, and prompt obedience on the part of the boatmen, the boat must be swamped. We passed it safely, though not without feelings of anxiety, sufficient to prepare the way for those of light-hearted thankfulness when we found ourselves out of danger's reach, on that fine stirring sea, making quick way to the steamer—our old friend the little "Queen."—She anchored in the Tagus about midnight on the 2nd of April. This was unlucky, as we missed the entrance into the river. I was on deck just as the sun's full morning light was first falling upon the high ground above Belem. The Tagus at Lisbon is most magnificent, but the view of the city from the river did rather disappoint me—a want of towers and spires, such as those of the Clerigos, and of other churches at Oporto, to break the outline; nor are the dwelling-houses so picturesque, and the banks of the river strike an eye fresh from the Douro as tame and wanting in variety. We landed by boat at the stairs of the custom-house, passed under a covered way to the pretty flowery

terrace in front, crossed that to the office merely to show ourselves, then back to our boat, which took us down the river, as far as "Black Horse Square," as the English sailors call the *Praça do Commercio,* of which the original name was *Terreiro do Paço* from its being the site of a palace which was destroyed in 1755 by earthquake and fire. We went to the *Hotel da Peninsula,* where, after some consideration, the manager agreed to receive us, four persons and an English man-servant, for about eight shillings per day each, including attendance,—less than the somewhat high rate laid down in their printed notice. We had a private sitting-room and five bed-rooms, and here we and all our luggage—which had been most carefully and carelessly turned over and out at the custom-house—were housed soon after mid-day.

A magnificent mansion is this Peninsula Hotel, the front looking upon that beautiful and entertaining fountain in the square of the "Two Churches;" the back into a pretty garden, gay and rich with sweet flowers, and commanding views of the river and hills beyond, caught between the houses and gardens that run down to the water's edge. The arrangements of the house are in keeping with its

appearance—all neat and clean as possible, furniture handsome, cooking first-rate, servants courteous and attentive,—in short, quite an air of English comfort and aristocratic elegance about the place.

Our first walk was to the Public Garden, whence we had a fine view of the city, standing like Rome, as the Portuguese say, on seven hills—(I contrived to count nine). The flowers in this garden are most luxuriant, especially the geraniums, which form the hedges, and the heliotrope, which, with other flowers, clothes the very lofty walls to the top; and the "Lily of the Nile,"—literally *groves* of this fair and elegant flower—but the stem of the flower does not shoot up in the way you see it within-doors in England; it is scarcely half the height, and the plant, though so much more prodigal of blossom here than in England, is not quite so elegant, the effect being somewhat bunchy. From this garden we pursued our way down a street steeper than the roof of an English house, into the large oblong Praça de Don Pedro, or, as it was formerly called, do Rocio, at the head of which stands the new "National Theatre;" a very handsome building, but for the ugly heavy roof, which we were told was to be altered.

Passed the bank in the *Praça do Pelourinho,* and stood some time looking up at that little spiral pillar, so full of dreadful history. It is a very ancient column, of a single piece of fine marble, exquisitely chiselled.

APRIL 4TH.

Lovely morning. Down to the "*Caes do Sodré,*" and off by boat for Belem soon after nine o'clock. To the church, too beautiful and too sumptuous in its beauty for me to describe. Those who have seen the Chapter House at Wells have seen something resembling the upper part of this magnificent edifice. At the west end the roof is low and groined, and as you enter there is a mysterious and imposing gloom produced by this, which adds to your feelings of wonder and admiration, when a few steps bring you under the lofty roof, springing out of those noble and elegantly wrought pillars. The two nearest to the high altar are more richly worked than the others, and reminded me in their workmanship of the lovely flower-wreathed pillars in Roslin Chapel. Two rich altars opposite each other at the upper end give the building a cruciform shape. An organ, or rather organs—for there are two of them—are placed in

the gallery at the west end of the church, above the low-groined roof. The west door, the main entrance, magnificent in its stone carvings; but, alas! like all things in Portugal, the building is unfinished beyond the roof, and instead of two fine towers, there is one miserable pigeon-cote-like turret, where hang two or three tinkling bells. The convent, which joins upon the church, and which must have been beautiful, is spoiled by whitewash and vulgar sash-windows; the cloisters have escaped all re-touching, and are fitting neighbours of that gorgeous Gothic church. This convent is converted into an asylum for poor girls. We walked on to the *Torre de Belem.* This tower is truly elegant in its proportions, and rich in Gothic stone-work decorations. It is used, I believe, as a register-office of health for ships entering the river. The perfume of the orange flower, which came to us as we were hobbling along the ill-paved street to the "Torre," was delicious; the hedge of aloes to the right not to be forgotten, for it was the first I ever saw. Royal carriages were waiting at the door of the church —guards on duty within and without—Queen coming to mass. Unluckily we had not half an hour to throw away in waiting for a sight of her Majesty and her

gaudy, tawdry turn-out; for such the cortège must have been, if we might judge by the two carriages and half-dozen liveried servants that were in advance. But I am told that on state occasions her court can appear truly magnificent. On our way down the river we passed two of her palaces, *Paço das Necessidades* and the *Paço da Bemposta,* and saw a third on the hill, that of the "Ajuda," a very fine building of white stone, so white as to look like marble, but unfinished. Passed, too, the *cordoaria,* or rope-walk, where is a naval school. The building *looks* as of red brick, faced with stone, very large and handsome, and apparently in perfect repair; it stands close upon the river. The Necessidades *is,* or looks—for I was not near enough to ascertain—of red, or rather pink, brick, faced with stone. The Bemposto is a whitewashed building, also faced with stone, handsome, though small. Its foreground is a pretty garden, which, unluckily, is separated from the river by a public road. This palace was built by Donna Catherine of Portugal, the Queen of our Charles II. Many handsome, and picturesque, and grotesque-looking houses, belonging to the old and new *Nobreza,* were noticed by us, and all called forth the same remark:

"What a pity that the garden does not run down to the water's edge, as would be the case in England." But *English* feeling prompted this remark. The Portuguese have different ideas on the *charm* of a garden; which to them is incomplete unless it affords a view of a busy street or public road, as the chief recreation of the ladies of a family is to sit at the janella of their *quintal*. Their maligners, as I have before observed, pretend that it is not only their recreation, but the sole business of their daily life.

Took a boat again from Belem, and were rowed over to Almada, on the opposite side of the river. Here parted with our boatmen, who received contentedly the sum for which they had agreed to bring us so far, and so we gave them a trifle more, "*para beber*" (to drink); walked up the steep paved road, which commands fine views down and across the river to the little town, where the streets are filthy, just what Mr. Southey describes those of Lisbon to have been half a century ago. I begged to be taken into a poor but clean-looking venda, and here we were served by a handsome youth, of manners superior to his station, who brought us cool water, drew us wine from the cask, put before us oranges, more by far

than we required—oranges with fresh green leaves attached—brought us knives and plates, and then, like a true gentleman—for there are gentlemen of Nature's fashioning—left us to eat our luncheon undisturbed by his presence—left us in his shop, his counter our table, on which were piled up oranges at one end, and divers bottles, &c. at the other; standing behind the counter were several large wine-casks, and a few smaller ranged on shelves above. The room contained little more of furniture,—nothing, I think, except one small wooden bench, that the master pulled out from the wall for us to sit down upon; the walls were unplastered, the roof unceiled, the floor bare earth; the house presented a contrast to its owner which you would never meet with in England.

At first the oranges were not included in his "bill," and when we insisted on paying for them, "the total of the whole" was about *threepence* English. He came out into the street to show us our way to the castle, and then courteously took leave.

Went into the chapel of Santiago, close to the castle wall. Groined roof (black and white) of the altar, very noticeable. The ceiling of the body of the chapel painted in panels.

An old soldier at the castle-gate admitted us, and conducted us all over the place. *Castle* I know not why it is called, for it is merely a mud fortification faced with stone. Our guide was not satisfied with pointing out to us the views from the topmost wall, but in some parts made us walk round at three different heights.

The Tagus from Lisbon to Aldea Gallega is twelve miles in breadth, and for more than as many miles above the city it looks rather like a sea-born frith than a runaway from a far-inland Spanish mountain, whence it has travelled about 400 tortuous miles, all the way from the wilds of Albarracin. The views from the castle of Almada are in every direction fine: up the river towards Alhandra, right across it where the whole of Lisbon is spread before you, and down the tide to Belem, beyond and behind which rise the rocky, jagged heights of Cintra. We could see the white houses glittering in the sunshine. To the south is the rich valley of *Piedade*, whence Sartorius takes his title of Visconde, and where is his convent home—strange title, strange home, and strange history for an English blue-jacket! And the gallant Admiral Viscount Piety has another

conventual estate at Cintra. Both were purchased with the funds received from the Portuguese government for his services to Don Pedro, the subverter of monastic institutions.

We took leave of our soldier guide, giving him for his trouble a small gratuity with which he was more than content. We descended the hill, on the side opposite to the one by which we had ascended to the pier of Casilhas, passing under garden walls, over and down which hung branches and festoons of sweet-smelling and richly-coloured flowers of various kinds, and through streets not particularly clean, but not so dirty as those of Almada. Before we reached the pier we had a mob of boatmen about us, each underbidding the other for our passage across the river. The noise they made was so great they could not hear Mr. ——'s assurance that donkeys not boats were needed by us. At last, when this *was* understood, the turmoil only became the greater, and I really thought Mr. —— was about to be demolished between boatmen and donkeymen, when, to my astonishment, he cried out to me, "Come, ——, mount this grey." I was immediately assisted by the nearest person, and I wondered by what magic

the storm had been appeased. R—— mounted another; Mr. —— mounted a third. We forced our way through the crowd, followed by our tall, slim, dark-eyed guide, with his scarlet cap falling over the right shoulder, up the village, then to the left to the valley of "Piedade." Matters had been arranged thus. "Don't talk, but listen to me. I want three donkeys to take us to the convent of Piedade, and will give six vintens each for going and returning, guide and donkeys waiting for us there as long as may be necessary." At once the proposal was accepted by the person nearest to him; the other donkey-owners held their peace, and we were on our road. Nothing particularly striking in the appearance of the valley which is surrounded by low swelling hills, some of them covered with pine-trees, but in general there is a great want of wood both on the north and south sides of the Tagus. We passed through a hamlet that reminded me of an English or rather of an Irish village with its Green, and its houses fringing the Green—a lazy muddy stream stealing through it. A very old and curious bridge of three arches, small, low, and circular, evidently Roman, leads over the stream to a comfortless looking

inn, such as were wont to be seen on Stanmore with "good entertainment for man and horse" painted in huge black letters on the white-washed walls: here was similarly painted "Casa de Pasto."—We passed several hedges of aloes and cactus; palm-trees here and there, and beautiful flowers everywhere. Twenty minutes' ride brought us to the convent gate, which is of hewn stone, and handsome, and surmounted by a pretty simple cross. Much of the convent has been pulled down, and the portion left is not handsome—a flight of stone steps outside, the only break to the long straight line of front. An English servant led us through the garden, where was one pretty picture, a small mill, something like one of our threshing mills, shaded by a group of palm trees. We then ascended the stone stairs, entered a large low room where stands a billiard-table, and where hang portraits of saints and monks and many curious relics of bygone times. We turned to our right through an ante-room where hung more monks and saints, and at the end of which is another low long apartment, the drawing-room, with windows on three sides—such a pretty room! a mingling of English comfort with Portuguese coolness and *Oriental* richness of

colouring and splendour. The admiral's hobby—the oil-press—was shown to us, as were also the wine-press, and the cellars, which are the most remarkable parts of the building. We hurried back to Casilhas, to catch the three o'clock steamer, but luckily were just too late—*luckily,* because some of the noisy boatmen of whom I have already spoken offered to take us over for eight vintens, and so they did, most pleasantly, in their pretty clean boat, with its Moorish sail, and landed us at the "Caes do Sodré." We passed close by three men-of-war, the "Vasco da Gama," quite new, "Ferdinando," and "Don João."

All that we paid for the grand and beautiful sights of to-day, including boats and boatmen, donkeys and guides, and wine and oranges, was 5*s.* 6*d.* We had no trouble with any of the men; they named at once the sum for which they had engaged to take us, were contented with it, and well pleased with the few pence given over and above.

During our stay in Lisbon we visited most of the churches; among these the two in our own square, and that of S. Roque, which was not far from us, again and again. In one thing we were unlucky,—the pictures were all covered, it being Passion week.

The curtain before the chapel of St. John the Baptist in this church is only withdrawn on certain grand days. It is a most beautiful chapel. The pictures in mosaic are like first-rate paintings—the "Baptism of our Saviour," the "Annunciation," and the "Pentecost." I think I prefer the Annunciation to the more celebrated one of the Baptism; the expression of the Virgin is divine: and in the third picture, the Pentecost, our Saviour's face is truly spiritual. This chapel is indeed a gem, and a gem of great price it would be without the pictures, which are the gems in the gem; for, in addition to these beautiful pictures, and exquisite mosaic work of altar and floor, and pillars of jasper, it is very rich in precious stones—*real*, I suppose they are, as we were told so; though if so, it is marvellous how they have escaped the French war of plunder and the civil wars of necessitous *soi-disant* patriotism. In undoubted relics, yet more precious to superstitious reverence, this chapel is also rich. I never heard that Marshal Junot or any other Frenchman of the empire had any fancy for appropriating this sort of treasure. The mosaics were preserved by virtue of a protest on their behalf, which was happily

respected, for mosaic pictures were not convenient things to carry, and might have been harder to put together again than a child's puzzle by the time they got to Paris. Pope Benedict XIV., surnamed the wise and pious, said the first mass in this chapel. It was built in Rome by command of John V., and given to the Jesuits. It is said to have cost him 300,000*l*. On our way to the cathedral we stopped before the admirable entrance of the Conceição, one of the oldest churches in Lisbon, built by King Emanuel, and much resembling his glorious work at Belem, though on a less magnificent scale. We went into the church, but found within nothing remarkable.

Cathedral very fine, pillars and floor of marble, rich altars, rich even in Passion-week when all of ornament that can be concealed is concealed. Five silver lamps suspended from the roof before the high altar, at once costly and elegant.

The church of San Vicente de Fora (which forms a part of the convent of the same name, the residence of the Cardinal Patriarch) is superb. Magnificent altar of mosaic at the end of the southern cross-aisle. The transept dome, on vaulting shafts, is very beau-

tiful. We were taken all over this old convent and church—up to the top of the church-towers round the roof, whence you have glorious views of the city, river and country beyond—and through the public apartments of the "Patriarch," who is a Cardinal in right of his office. He is President of the House of Peers. For a person so dignified, the apartments reserved for his own use in this extensive and once splendid building strike you as very humble. The rooms are low and small; there are some interesting pictures, and some very old and admirable tapestry hangings, and rather well-painted ceilings. The council-room is at the top of the building, and is rich in tapestry and in the portraits of former Patriarchs. After showing us all this, our guide led us down into "The Tomb of Kings," where we saw the coffins of John IV., by whose seizure of the throne the national independence was restored—his second son, Pedro II., the filcher of his elder brother's rights—King Joseph, great in his minister Pombal—John VI., who was not great—and many other personages great and small. Don Pedro, too, lies here, and his son-in-law, the first husband of the Queen.

The widow of Don Pedro hears mass in this vault on the anniversary of her husband's death, when she always brings some little offering to place on his coffin; the last was a circlet formed of the flowers of the yellow everlasting, and made by herself. On our taking leave of our obliging and intelligent guide—a young man between eighteen and twenty—he was offered money as a matter of course; he shrank from the offer; still he declined it in such a pleasing manner, that you felt he was amused and not offended by the mistake. I should like to know what office he filled in the palace; his dress was that of a rather subordinate attendant. The smart livery servant in his cocked hat and long blue stockings was right pleased with the six vintens we gave him for asking permission for us to see the convent, and for bringing to us this young gentleman guide; and the old butler-sort-of-a-man, who led us through the rooms of the Patriarch, as willingly accepted his twelve vintens as any of our church vergers would take a fee.

The guide-books tell us there are some good pictures in the church, but all were covered. The sacristy! how could I forget that, with its walls from roof to floor of the most beautiful mosaic work in

marble? (E. C.—You would go wild with a longing to copy every pattern for altar-cloths and pulpit-cushions!) We were gravely shown by our young guide the room in which the two miraculous crows were formerly kept, and we were told that one of the race still lived, and was now in the cathedral.

The church of the Estrella is externally the handsomest of any of the churches I have seen, Belem always excepted, and the interior is also beautiful—marble floor, marble chapels, marble altars. Monuments of Mary I. and of her confessor, the Archbishop of Thessalonica, D.F., Ignacio de S. Caetano, are magnificent.

But what perhaps impressed me most of all that I saw in Lisbon was that field of cypress and tombs, the English burial-ground, where the gayest and brightest flowers are growing luxuriantly among the graves, and gracefully wreathing some few of the tall dark cypress spires from their base to the very top. The solemn gloom of these avenues of cypress is very imposing, and here you are completely shut in among the dead. The eye cannot wander beyond the cypress fence, within which lie the remains of Fielding and Doddridge, (this life and the next), and some other

names familiar to our ears. The exact spot where Fielding was buried in this inclosure is not known. His monument, a huge ungainly thing, is on a spot selected by *guess*.—The bones it covers may possibly have belonged to an idiot. On quitting this lower part of the consecrated spot, we ascended the slope which leads to the principal entrance, and here is a really *splendid* view of the city; the Tagus and the country beyond opens upon you, and you find yourself among orange-trees and lemon-trees, and other sweet and cheerful-flowering shrubs—a contrast great and not unwelcome to the melancholy seclusion of the cypress gloom you have left behind you.

We drove on to the Aqueduct, and not being able to get upon it, as the gates are now kept strictly locked, in consequence of the horrid robberies and murders that were committed there, we at once made our way down into the valley, over which it carries "its silver thread of waters;" and in descending the hill I was taught a lesson of "trust and be safe." Our postilion told us that the road was bad and the carriage could not go further than the top of the hill; the distance to the foot was greater than the strength

of one of our party was well equal to, and fancying the man wished us to walk merely to save his mules, which were strong, in good condition, and had not come far, I said, "But cannot you take us a little nearer?" He shrugged his shoulders, opened the door, and we got in; but hardly had we proceeded one hundred yards, when, turning a corner, the road became exceedingly steep, and, being paved with small round stones, was very slippery, and down went one mule; hardly had it recovered its footing when down went the other, upon which the man was riding. The poor fellow was nearly off; he, however, contrived to keep his seat, and the mule to recover her footing, and our servant, who in the meantime had jumped from the box, wedged a stone under one of the wheels, and so stopped the carriage. *We* lost little time in getting out, and the man lost less in getting off, shaking like an aspen-leaf, pale as a ghost, and saying, "Now, Senhora, was I not right in telling you the carriage could not go further?" I felt this mild reproof, and answered, "Yes, quite right, and I am rightly served for not trusting to your warning." Thankfully did we hasten on foot down the hill, and stood under one of the three highest arches of this

noble work—a work so substantial that it stood untroubled by the great earthquake. These three arches are 314 feet high, and 100 wide; the extent of the aqueduct from the hills to the grand reservoir within the walls of the city is two Portuguese leagues and a half. It was begun 1729, by John V., and finished 1748, two years before his death.—When we were set down again under our inn gateway at Lisbon, a very trifling gratuity in addition to what he had a right to expect was given to the postilion. The honest good fellow was as grateful as if we had not, by our foolish disregard of his prudent advice, put his life in jeopardy that day.

Our weather was unseasonable for Portugal, more like an April in London than in Lisbon; on the 7th it was so bad it was impossible to move out after mid-day, when it became a thorough tempest of wind and rain. In the morning, between the heavy showers, we did contrive to go as far as the convent of San Francisco, now converted into a public library, museum, &c., &c. Many valuable illuminated MSS., the spoil of the convent of Alcobaça, were shown to us; also an old Hebrew Bible, several of the old Chronicles, in one a very curious view of Lisbon,

encircled by an army; second edition of Camoens; copy of G. Resende's Cancioneiro; numerous portraits of monks, and bishops, and benefactors to convents. It was with a melancholy and no common interest one looked upon the portraits of the monks of *this* convent of San Francisco, taken down from the walls against which some of them had rested for centuries, torn from their frames and hung, like tattered rags to dry, on ropes that ran down the centre of those spacious yet gloomy galleries, where their prototypes were wont to pace to and fro with princely dignity and power. The books are ranged in shelves on either side these galleries, and the little cells which open upon the galleries are also filled with books; the library contains from 80,000 to 100,000 volumes. There are a few interesting pictures in the museum. The two that pleased me most were "The Child Jesus" and "The Descent from the Cross;" the former by Gran Vasco, the other by Julio Romano; "The Menino entre os Doutores," also by Gran Vasco, is likewise a most interesting picture. Two or three beautiful engravings by Bartolozzi, who died at Lisbon. Nothing very good in the statuary gallery: it is principally occupied with plaster-casts

from the antique. Another old convent we visited, but that is almost a complete ruin, the Carmo, which gave the name to the little square where it was erected by the Constable D. Nuno Alvares Pereira, 1422, in fulfilment of a vow upon the victory of Aljubaroto. It was thrown down by the earthquake of 1755. The church is a grand ruin: the marble pillars and arches are standing. I was told it had been in contemplation to restore the building to its former state; that they began with the church, but the good work, through want of funds or some political movements in this fitfully distracted country, had been stopped; this would clearly account for what struck me as almost supernatural—those grand pillars and arches, keeping their places unmoved when roof and walls and everything else was thrown to the ground—a melancholy sight to see a work so glorious thus destroyed! Lovely bits of columns and pillars and ornaments, delicately carved in marble, lie strewn about unheeded.

The western gateway, which opens upon the square, where, by the way, is a very beautiful fountain, that in its form reminded me a little of the chapel on the sands near Matazinhos, is particularly rich in orna-

ment. The rooms leading from the cloisters are converted into stables for the Municipal Guard, and splendid stables they make. Such parts of the convent as stood the earthquake, so far as to allow of repair, are now used as dwelling-houses, and some of these look upon the standing arches of the church, and the heaps of fallen rubbish out of which rise the stately pillars that support them; these beautiful Gothic arches, all perfect, standing amid such a mass of ruin, make the picture even more melancholy than if they too were broken.

Yet another convent, *per*verted, I have to speak of—that of San Bento, now the Cortes. The Commons' House is a fine room. The President's seat is in the centre of one side of the room; the members sit in front of him, on benches raised one above the other, and above them, or rather behind them—for they do not sit *under* the gallery—is a gallery all round for spectators—auditors more correctly. The room appropriated to the peers is small, and very common-place: the only ornament a wretched portrait of the Queen, which hangs above the President's chair at the end of the room, under a crimson canopy. The members sit upon benches raised one above the

other, just, in fact, as persons sit in pews, only without doors, in a modern London church. I observed the bench appropriated to the bishops was the last, consequently the most elevated, though the furthest from the President. The gallery for strangers is immediately behind the bishops; the benches run across the room; they are divided in the middle. The Opposition takes the left side—the left of the President—our right, looking as we did, from the other end. We were fortunate enough to see in the House of Peers the Duke of Palmella, the Conde de Villa Real, Fonseca de Magalhaens, Conde de Lavradio, Conde da Taipa, the Marquis of Fronteira, Costa Cabral,—the then minister, expelled a few weeks afterwards, and a refugee at Madrid, thence to return, after his partisans should have worked up another re-action, to struggle up once more into the seat of power and pence, and to maintain himself there if he can. But it is clear that such men as Cabral and his brother, though they may be competent "to disturb the peace of all the world" are far from qualified "to rule it when 'tis wildest."

The library, formerly the choir of the chapel, is a

really beautiful room; the painted ceiling caught my eye, and I longed for an opportunity to study it, but we were on our way to the House of Peers, and our conductor had no time to linger, as his presence was required in the lower house. As we came up from the Cortes, we made an attempt to visit the "Torre do Tombo," close by, but unluckily found the doors closed, so on we hastened to the Casa da Moeda, where we saw some most precious things, the spoil of different churches and convents:—a cross of gold, of exquisite workmanship, given by King Emanuel to the church of Belem—two splendid pixes, oh, such jewels therein!—one of these pixes came from Alcobaça—a little cabinet given by the daughters of Vasco da Gama to the convent of Vidigueira—and a very elegant gold scent-box, sent over by the first Governor-General of India.

On our return from the mint our way lay through the Praca do Commercio, and, pass through it as often as you may, you must halt before the superb statue of King Joseph. This great square is bounded on the south by the broad Tagus, which is always alive with masts and gliding sails. The other three sides are adorned with stately public edifices, raised

over arcades of hewn stone, forming covered ways, as wide as spacious streets, with handsome entrances surmounted by turrets. In the centre is the equestrian statue of King Joseph in bronze, about eighteen feet high, considerably higher than that of Louis XV. at Paris, and only less enormous than Mr. Wyatt's Duke, the wandering "Centaur not fabulous" of 1846-7. It stands on a huge quadrate of white marble, between two colossal groups, allegorical of the discoveries and triumphs of Portugal, with basso-relievos of excellent workmanship. On the river side of the base is inserted a small bust of Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, absolute minister of the monarch who rides aloft. By this bust there hangs a tale. Pedro Antonio Correa Garção, one of the most elegant of the modern poets of Portugal, was so rash as to pen a sarcastic epigram on the egotism of Pombal in thus appending his own portrait to this magnificent work. The terrible avenger of his master (after the conspiracy to assassinate Joseph) the Antæus who overthrew the Jesuits, the all-powerful and inexorable tyrant, was not a man to overlook a personal insult. He waited his opportunity for revenge, and it was sure to come under some

pretext or other. It happened, some time after, that a Portuguese Lovelace requested Garção to translate for him into English a letter which he wished to send to a young English lady whom he admired. Seeing "no offence in it," the poet complied. But the lady, a person of high family, was displeased by an impertinence which however flattering to her beauty could be no compliment to her good sense, coming as it did from a stranger who must have presumed to speculate on her implied vanity. She handed the letter to her father, who took it to the minister and made a complaint. The handwriting was discovered to be Garção's. This was enough. He was cast into a dungeon, on the 9th of April, 1771, and for eight months no one was allowed access to him but his turnkey. The importunities of his unhappy wife at length prevailed so far as to extort from the king a promise that he should be soon liberated. Finally, on the 10th November, 1772, the order for his release was duly signed by the Secretary of State. The royal pledge to the innocent man's wife was thus redeemed—some hours after the death of her husband. The secrets of his prison-house have not been revealed. I suppose the widow was graciously

permitted to bury him at her own charge. I do not give this story on light authority, nor do I suppose it to be one of the mere fabrications of the Jesuits against Carvalho. I take the report as printed by Sr. Almeida Garrett, a gentleman of repute in his own country, both as an author and a politician, and by no means, I believe, a disciple nor apologist of the Jesuits.

When Pombal fell from power, his effigy was removed, at the instigation of his enemies, from the base of the royal statue. A few years ago, when Don Pedro had driven away his brother Don Miguel, the portrait was renewed as it exists, in compliment to the ex-Emperor's military partisan, the Marquis (now Duke) of Saldanha, lineal representative of that famous Pombal.

We turned aside to the terrace before the custom-house, and the river view was peculiarly interesting, the weather being like that of a wild fitful English April day, masses of black cloud, fields of blue sky, sunshine and shower; the ships tossing about at anchor as on a stormy sea, sea-gulls flying in and among the sails, then suddenly sinking to dip their white wings in the whiter waves, then rising again, and as they

rose the sunshine catching their feathers and turning them for a moment into burnished silver.

The next morning beautiful,—at which we much rejoiced as we had arranged to start for Cintra at mid-day: this we did, and had a fine view, as we were leaving Lisbon, of the church of the Estrella, and not long after, of the three highest arches of the aqueduct, and for several miles here and there we caught a glimpse of this grand work. On the road to Cintra we pass the gay *Quinta das Laranjeiras*, or the Orangery, a suburban seat of the Conde de Farrobo, better known with us as the Baron Quintella. Strangers may obtain a ticket of admittance by application at the Conde's magnificent town-residence in the Rua do Alecrim—Rosemary Street. Both the town and country mansions were somewhat over-furnished and over-ornate; the wealth of the owner is everywhere conspicuous. Detached from his villa is a private theatre, one of the most splendid in Europe. In the grounds are various gardens, a labyrinth, summer-houses, costly conservatories. The king of beasts, with his grim court of tigers, panthers, and other uncivil brutes, is royally lodged in a marble menagerie. There is an artificial lake, a

canal for irrigation, and a suspension-bridge, and an obelisk which was raised by the father of the present proprietor, as a memorial of the expulsion of the French.

The present residence of the princess Dona Isabel, who was regent till the arrival of her brother Don Miguel, is also in this neighbourhood. It was formerly known as the Quinta of the Marquis of Abrantes, also of De Visme, by whom it was laid out "in the English taste." It is famous for its botanical rarities. Here are two of the finest cedars of Lebanon in the kingdom; two South American pepper trees, of rare beauty and height; two Japan Salisburys (Salisburias de Japan?), the only specimens in Portugal, and an avenue of magnolias.

The deserted convent of Saint Dominick of Benefica was purchased a year ago by a German merchant. This monastery is described in the Life of Saint Dominick by that excellent classic, Frei de Sousa, whose long-lost Annals of John III. have recently been discovered in the original manuscript, and published. Two remarkable men were buried in this convent, João das Regras, the famous jurisconsult and statesman, whose influence determined

the Cortes of Coimbra to confirm the claim of the Master of Avis (John I.) to the throne; and Don João de Castro, the viceroy of India.

At Luz are the ruins of a convent and church which were demolished by the earthquake, the principal chapel alone resisting the shock. In the centre of this chapel is the tomb of the foundress, Dona Maria, the learned daughter of King Emanuel. A few old paintings are preserved here, of which the most remarkable is that over the first altar on the left. In the sacristy is the Adoration of the Kings by Grân Vasco. At Queluz is the palace which was the usual abode of John VI. and of Don Miguel, and here Don Pedro, "the romantic emperor who fought for liberty," died in a chamber that had something ominous in its name—the chamber of Don Quixote. The palace is two leagues from Lisbon, on the left of the road; it is a large and irregular mass of building, erected at various periods. It has not, like the Ajuda, a connected suite of rooms of state; but the Sala das Talhas is a majestic apartment, of which many of the appropriate oriental ornaments have been removed to Belem; and the Hall of Mirrors, too, is of great splendour and beauty; though it has

lost its magnificent carpet, that was not long since cut, to adorn three of the saloons in the Palace of Necessidades, which we may therefore fairly anglicise, the Palace of Makeshifts. The fish-ponds and the extensive preserves of game round this Queluz palace made it particularly attractive to that sporting character, Don Miguel, on whose cranium the organ of destructiveness was, or should have been, largely developed. My account of these places on or near the road I have taken from the little Lisbon Guide-book already referred to, and from the report of one of my fellow-travellers, to whom the ground is not new. There is nothing striking in the face of the country till you come within sight of the Serra of Cintra,—truly a Serra! Green hills, or rather mounds; part arable, part pasture, with no other wood than a few stray trees here and there in the fences that mark the different fields. Were those round green hills judiciously planted, this sort of country would be very lovely—a soothing contrast to the restless ocean, and to the wild jagged mountains you are approaching, which rise so unexpectedly out of those soft green mounds that have so long concealed it from your sight. We descended gradually

from the higher ground, whence the mountain first showed itself, and were soon in among the orange-groves and lime-tree avenues of this lovely spot. Passed the palace and gardens of Ramalhão to the left. What strange anecdotes are related of its late possessor, the old Queen Carlota Joaquina! But they cannot all be true; royalty in Portugal has long ceased to be a shield against party faction and popular malice; and the mother and supposed instigator of the dark policy of Don Miguel may have been much maligned. Even Don Miguel himself can hardly be so black as he has been painted. Until the expulsion of this would-be *Rei absoluto* in 1834, Ramalhão was the richest of all the palaces, in furniture, decorations, and things of virtu; but Don Pedro ordered all to be removed to Lisbon; and great was the demolition of clocks and china on the road, from careless packing. The palaces of Necessidades and Belem, or Ajuda, were enriched by the spoils: but many of the more serviceable and some of the precious articles were subsequently transmitted to Cintra, to yonder famous "Moorish" palace, which now, as we wind round the north-east shoulder of the mountain, comes in sight, with the

little town nestling close under the huge rocks, at the instep of the Serra—Mafra, in the northern distance, breaking the outline of the horizon. The Portuguese, ever jealous, or perhaps nobly emulous of the Spaniards, boast of their Alhambra in that Moorish palace, and of their Escurial in yon majestic Mafra, raised by the piety of the colossal builder, King Alfonso V., in honour of the King of kings. But such parallels are hardly judicious, for they cannot be well sustained; and we may be content to admire the desolate grandeur of Mafra, and the hale old age of the quasi-arabesque pile at Cintra, without disturbing our admiration by invidious comparisons. Between Cintra and Mafra, undulating ground, but so slightly undulating that beyond the space of a mile or two it appears like a dead flat, *not very* green, and with scarcely any wood; but the spring is backward, and a week or two hence more verdure may appear. This bare country, which extends for miles below Cintra, by contrast increases the richness of her gardens and groves and stately forest-trees, and in conjunction with the brave rocky heights that rise above the town makes Cintra a place to dream over rather than to describe,—it is so unlike any

other reality that it has been my lot to witness. I remember how Mr. Canning, when a visitor at Storrs on Winandermere, used frequently to ride into our own dear Easedale, and to linger there for hours together, because, as he said, it reminded him of Cintra. The association, however strong, could not have been complete. Crag, wood, water, freshness, and peace belong to both; some of the features are alike; but the form and the expression are altogether different. I can fancy many an Easedale in the world, but no second Cintra. So thought Mr. Southey, to whom our fells and waters were almost as familiar as his books. Many a time has he told me that he knew no place which resembled Cintra; and, thus prepared for its peculiarity, I was as much surprised and delighted as if I had never heard of it.

We drove to one of the two principal inns, and tried to make a bargain with the hostess, an English woman married to a Swiss, but could not succeed. "I have but one price," was her reply, and that to us seemed an extravagant price for such accommodations as her dark, damp, tumble-down house could afford—three new crowns eighteen vintens per day a head. The weather continued beautiful through

the day, but cold, even for an April day in England, and I was glad to wrap myself up in a long woollen cloak while we strolled towards evening on the Collares road, where we fell in with a flock, which we had the curiosity to count as it passed, 139 goats and 15 kids, following one goatherd. We could only stroll about this evening; but in the morning—a very beautiful one—we started soon after nine o'clock for the Penha, a small convent of Jeronymites, built on the highest point of the Serra, by order of King Emanuel, in 1503. It was at first made of wood, which only lasted eight years. The king, seeing how perishable such material was in so exposed a situation, commanded it to be rebuilt of stone. This was in 1511. The convent was capable of containing eighteen monks.

Our *monture* was of the humblest. Even the poet who would be carried up these steeps in safety must submit to leave his Pegasus in the valley, and console his pride with the old Portuguese proverb,—"Better is the ass that carries me than the horse that throws me."

We ascended the hill at the east end—the road stiff and winding, but very good, and commanding fine views of the rich garden-ground immediately

below you, and the soft undulating tract beyond, which extends to the horizon.

Picturesque churches and *quintas*, and those heart-moving stone crosses making beautiful fore-grounds to these grand Reubens-like landscapes; and then, hanging overhead, the jagged rocks and peaks of this singular and most romantic mountain. The first half of the road is paved; you then enter upon a capital mac-adamized road, just made by the king-consort, up to the convent, which he has purchased and converted into a summer's-day residence for himself and his queen. He has rebuilt the high tower, which had fallen, restored the old building with additions and approaches that give it the air of a Gothic castle rather than of a convent, and he is now adding a square tower to the west, which will be in keeping with the other parts. In the pleasure-grounds neat bridges have been laid across the ravines, but I hardly know what to say of the summer-houses and other small structures in the guise of Grecian temples. Walks are cut in every direction, and the ground is clad with geraniums, scarlet and lilac (planted, of course), as our Cambrian heights might be with heather. The monks might

well nigh see what was passing in Lisbon, and watch every ship that sailed thence down to the sea. The mountain-view beyond the Tagus is very fine. From the convent we proceeded to the "Moorish castle" that crowns another peak hard by. Little remains except the outer wall, and this the king is restoring; at the same time planting and laying out in pleasure-ground the space within. A few wild beasts and birds, not European, are kept here; two or three head of deer, and a pair of lovely little gazelles. We descended the hill more to the west, and joined the Colares road near to the Marialva Palace, and on this road proceeded as far as Penha Verde, a *quinta* built by Don João de Castro after his return from India, where he was the fourth viceroy. View from a platform before the little chapel (or rather hermitage, for "Ermida" it is called), upon a projecting rock at some distance from the house, a double avenue of noble trees conducting you to it—is rich and beautiful down into the plain, and up to the mountain behind very grand. On quitting the Penha Verde, we retraced our steps as far as the Marialva Palace, and thence went direct to our inn, which we reached before one o'clock.

In the afternoon we tried to gain admittance into the Moorish palace, but failing in this, we strolled towards the Marialva Palace, taking the road below the house. Presently we turned to the left, along a pretty wild green lane that runs under the boundary wall of the palace pleasure-grounds, and which is terminated by the entrance-gates to some other *quinta*. Here we opened the wicket of an immense yard-door, which opened out to us a most tempting pathway through a beautiful wood. We took it, hoping it might lead us out upon the upper Cintra-road; but having pursued it some distance, it seemed prudent to retrace our steps, as the path for ever made its way downwards, and not upwards, as we desired. A lovely walk it was: fine cork-trees; immense rock-like stones, some bright with silver lichens, others rich with golden ones; ground carpeted with starry periwinkles; white stars and blue stars; Jacob's ladder; laurustinus, no longer in blossom; ferns, such as we have in our woods, and heather too, and the whortle-berry, and the fox-glove (the "Folk's Love," the "weed of glorious feature," loved by the fairies), and the elder tree; and here and there a primrose peeping out from

under a huge overshadowing, mossy stone, and hyacinths and blue-bells and the hawthorn — all these in full flower; and then the orange-groves, and lemon-groves, laden with bloom and green fruit, and yellow and golden fruit, all at once sending to you on the wings of the wind the most delicious perfume. But often you know not whence the fragrance comes; for unfortunately the walls are so very high, that when you are on the main roads you can see little beauty except what their rich clothing of moss and ferns and flowers presents, and that of the forest trees and majestic rocks which appear above them.

APRIL 11TH.

A very showery, unpromising morning, after a night of boisterous wind and heavy rain. Between showers we got as far as the palace, and after some little delay, were admitted. A flight of broad wooden stairs, not handsome, leads you to the *entresol*, whence you ascend a very pretty winding staircase to the hall, into which some of the principal apartments open. The trickling of a fountain placed at one side of this hall must be a most grateful sound on a hot summer-day.

The first apartment we visited was the "Swan Chamber," so called from the ceiling being tastefully painted in compartments, each containing a swan, and the attitude of every swan varying a little. It is a very large, long room, beautifully proportioned; windows on each side; those to the south looking on the mountains, those to the north into a pretty up-stairs court, paved with blue and various-coloured tiles; a fountain in the centre, which only plays when told to do so, and a most fanciful bath and shower-bath chamber, tiled floor, and walls, and roof, partly painted and partly bas-relievos in plaster. The shower-bath comes not from the roof, but from the upper part of the end-walls, and the water is ejected with so much force as to meet in the middle of the room. But all this is baby-play, and hardly worth noting down, where we have to speak of the apartment in which Don Sebastian held the fatal council in which, notwithstanding some warnings, ominously wise, it was decided to undertake the expedition which led to the overthrow of Portugal. It is a small low room, with a narrow slip at one end, marked off by four simple round pillars. Sebastian's chair occupies one end of this slip; it is simply a

projection of the wall, with arms built up at both sides, the arms, seat, back, all covered with pantiles. Along the side wall, and at the opposite end, runs a narrow stone seat, where sat the peers. The wall above this seat—rather higher than the head can reach, and below it to the floor—is covered with the same sort of tiles that adorn the king's throne. The floor is of common unglazed red tiles. In this little simple room did Don Sebastian and his peers come to that disastrous determination. The dining-room, *Sala das Pegas*, (Magpie Chamber), is a very curious and elegant apartment. The *Sala das Armas*, (Hall of Shields), one of the most remarkable rooms in Europe, is now degraded to a billiard-room, to the disgust of Duarte D'Armas, if the ghost of the old heraldic painter still haunt these walls, which it was his glory to decorate. It is yet a truly splendid chamber. The ceiling was painted by command of Emanuel, with the arms of the chief Portuguese nobility. This ceiling is dome-shaped. The royal arms occupy the centre; below that a broad circle comprises the escutcheons of the princes of the blood, and below that again are two circles or rounds, hung with the arms of the nobility. The effect is

gorgeous, "more fair and pleasant to look on," says a quaint old writer, "than a field full of flowers." There is a *unity* in the *diversity* which is indeed very beautiful, for each shield rests on the same sort of back-ground, a stag *couchant*, the shield being suspended like a locket round the stag's neck. Immediately below the cornice of the ceiling the following verses are painted on the four walls in great golden letters :—

Pois com esforços e leaes
Serviços forão ganhados,
Com estes, e outros taes,
Devem de ser conservados.

Honours by worth and loyal service gain'd,
By these, and such as these must be maintain'd.

I should like to know the meaning, if there be a meaning, of the stags, and the swans too. The magpie ceiling has its own pretty tale, which was well told by the guide. A young Portuguese lady in our company, reading *"Por bem,"* on every magpie's tongue, prettily asked, "What good?" I wish I could repeat his answer verbatim.

"John I. had risen early to hunt at some distance from Cintra. In passing through this chamber he chanced to meet one of the maids of honour, and

presented a rose to her, at the same time saluting her on the cheek. The gallantry was not unwitnessed, for the queen was entering the room by a side door. In the confusion of detection, the king could only say '*Por bem, por bem;*' meaning that he had meant no harm, only taken an innocent liberty. The queen made no remark; but her revenge showed that she was not implacably offended. On the king's return, after a few days, he found the roof of his dining-room painted all over with magpies, each bird holding a rose-branch in its claws, and a label in its beak, on which label were painted the words '*Por bem, por bem.*' The king was pleased to be rebuked so playfully, and adopted the *Por bem* for his motto." This was our guide's version of the tale, and much the prettiest of the *three* traditions that are current. A second tells us that the king himself caused the ceiling of the room to be painted in that manner, in attestation of the innocence of the proceeding in which he had been detected, and that he now applied, in the sense of our "Honi soit qui mal y pense," the motto, *Por bem,* which he had previously adopted as a declaration of his disposition to do good to his people. The third interpre-

tation is, that the adventure was whispered from mouth to mouth among the ladies, to the scandal and great disturbance of the poor maid of honour, and that the king, to punish the palace gossips, caused their malicious garrulity to be thus typified.

On the floor of another apartment, a small and humble room, we gazed with a yet deeper interest than upon these richly-painted ceilings—the floor of the room in which the ill-starred Don Affonso VI., brother-in-law of our Charles II., died a prisoner in his own palace, confined by his own wife and brother, whose impious union at the altar had followed his deposition, and had afterwards been sanctioned by his Holiness Clement IX.; for not even the form of a dispensation had been previously obtained*.

The captive king—for he was yet a king—not formally discrowned though so effectually dethroned—made the circuit of his mill-horse-like tether as wide as his narrow cell would permit, for his feet have left their traces as near to the wall as well could

* Nor the episcopal report necessary for it; for as yet Portugal's independence of Spain had not been concurred in by the court of Rome, and no bishops had been appointed by the Pope since the Revolution.

be: there is the foot-grooved pathway to tell its own tale of his misery. It may be that his youth was wild and his manhood wilful; it may even be that he was incorrigibly weak, perverse, debauched, low in his habits, and in his choice of companions, and that he was altogether unroyal. So says the Abbé de Vertot, whose popular account is drawn from sources that required much more careful filtering than he was disposed to trouble himself with.

Vertot was more studious to furnish sprightly narratives than to assure the accuracy of his details. While he was engaged on his History of Malta, some authentic documents were submitted to him which he had not yet seen. But what was his answer to those who commended them to his attention? "The place has capitulated!" That is, he had already completed his account of the siege to which those documents related, and did not choose to take the pains of examining them! Besides, Vertot was by education a Jesuit, and it is not unlikely, considering the wonderful influence of the schoolmasters of the Society of Loyola over their pupils, that he retained through life the *esprit de corps* infused into his mind by his tutors at the College of Rouen. He

does not tell us how Affonso VI. detested the Jesuits, and was detested by them, and that it was mainly by their cabals that he was set aside. Yet such were the facts, from which it may not very rashly be inferred that his indocility to their advice was with them his chief crime; and whatever may have been the real demerits of the wretched prince, we may be sure that they lost nothing of offensive character in their reports. Vertot's few references show that he was content to rely on the truth of those reports, or rather on his recollections of such of them as he had read, for he was not addicted to close investigation, and he trusted much to his memory.

Da Sylva's ponderous work against the Jesuits was compiled under the eye of Pombal. It is in fact a monster-bill of indictment, drawn up by the Attorney for the Crown, against a monster-nuisance. Yet his account of these dark transactions, very different indeed from Vertot's, is at least as likely to be the true one. But he throws *all* the blame upon the Jesuits, as if Pedro and Maria Francisca, the Claudius and Gertrude of this disgraceful passage in Portuguese history, were mere passive instruments of wickedness!

Affonso VI. was born in 1643. His father, John IV., who, less by his own energy than by that of his Spanish wife, had wrested the kingdom from the grasp of Spain, died in 1656. Donna Louisa, the Queen-Mother, held the regency for her son long after his legal minority (15) had expired. This would rather seem to imply a flexibility of will in the youth than the stubbornness attributed to him. His mother was an able and magnanimous but imperious princess, tenacious of power; and happier might it have been for him if she had been allowed to retain her authority yet longer. But he demanded his right; she resigned her sway, and soon retired to a convent, where she survived but a short time.

She has been accused of undue partiality to the younger brother Pedro. At least she was no party to the worst of his deeds against the elder, for they were perpetrated after her decease. Affonso married in 1666 a French princess of the house of Nemours. If the beauty of her mind had been equal to that of her person, he might have become a respectable prince, or at least have lived out his days undistinguished by the peculiar fate that must ever excite sympathy.

But she was a willing instrument in the hands of the Jesuits, for her husband's brother had found favour in her sight. The king was deposed and exiled to the Island of Terceira, whence he was brought back and shut up more securely in this grated cell, from which death released him in his forty-first year. Communicating with that cell by a side passage is a little square apartment closely grated and close to the ceiling. From this spot we looked down into the chapel through the very grating through which Affonso, himself invisible from below, was allowed by the piety of his fraternal gaoler to witness the daily performance of mass.

Did the woman, his wife and his brother's wife, did the man, his brother, ever dare to pray in that chapel, in presence of their victim? I suppose not; for the chapel stands where it did, and the roof, of peculiar carved wood, curiously painted, is said to be the same roof that was there when Affonso VI. heard mass.

But his bones are royally lodged at Belem. Let us leave the grave he lived in, and descend to the kitchen of the palace; for that is a curiosity of its kind. It would have been comparatively merciful to

have made a scullion, a Simnel, of him there; for it is a great and not uncheerful apartment. The two immense glass-manufactory-looking things outside, which rise from the east end of the building, and of which it is impossible for a stranger to guess what can be or ever could have been the use, are the kitchen-chimneys, and they answer for walls, ceilings, chimneys, and windows too! for the base of each is so wide that the two occupy the whole room. The lowest part I call the *walls*, so far as it keeps nearly perpendicular; and when the sloping off begins, *that* I consider chimney. But the *build* I cannot attempt to describe, as I could not well understand it; for the kitchen is not divided in the middle, and yet the two chimneys are quite separate; and how that enormous weight of stone-work is supported, coming to the ground only on *three* sides, I know not. Now, there are stoves all down one side of this immense kitchen, and from them there are iron flues to conduct the smoke far away up, if not to the very top of these huge funnels; so now they are of more use as light-admitters than smoke-conductors. In addition to the light which comes down from the top, and which is but little, as the funnels diminish almost to a point,

there are windows half-way up, four in each chimney, and at the same height.

One of our party tried the effect of a flute in this kitchen. It was strange and delightful. The softness, the power, the growing swell of notes meant to be soft and subdued, and the reverberation, louder and yet sweeter than the notes themselves, was almost awful, for it gave to the delicate flute the character of an organ played by a wizard. The player, however, was soon obliged to leave off; it shook his nerves so, he could hardly stand. When he was afterwards rallied on his faintness, he declared that the reverberations thrilled on him intolerably, and that the flute itself had got a sudden life in it, so that after a few minutes he seemed himself to be rather the thing played upon than the player.

We saw the private apartments of the king and queen,—most simply furnished. Chintz and muslin curtains; floors covered with Portuguese matting,—very pretty; some few large and handsome China bowls, and other ornaments of this kind; and baskets and boxes of carved ivory from India, delicate in texture and workmanship. The apartments of the children modest and pretty, opening upon a charming

old-fashioned French garden, whence you see the little town, the lofty Serra, the mighty ocean, and the soft undulating ground that lies between the rough rocks and the often rougher waters. But I must hasten away from this spot,—such a mine of sad history,—and tell of one more mountain ride up to the Cork convent.

On our way we again passed the Marialva palace, and Penha Verde, and kept on the Collares road as far as Mr. Beckford's place, Monserrat; so called, not after one of his West Indian estates, as it was pretended, but because the site on which he erected his villa had been long known by that name, from an oratory built there in 1540 by Gaspar Preto, a priest, who however seems to have had no fancy either for the colour or substance of *the* image of Monserrat in Catalonia, for instead of a black wooden Virgin he procured one of alabaster from Rome. The villa of "England's wealthiest son," as Childe Harold termed him, stands on a green knoll that projects far into the valley, forming a complete promontory, and thus commanding unobstructed views in every direction. The ground immediately about it is exceedingly beautiful, with sloping lawns, now green

and soft as the richest velvet, dashing, sparkling, leaping, roaring waterfalls, silent pools, gardens and orange groves, stately trees, and wooded park-like sward, extending to the outskirts of the uncultivated country, and so partaking both of the wild and cultivated beauty of Cintra. The house is a temple for the winds—many buildings that have been ruins for centuries are not so ruinous, not a tile of a roof remaining; truly a melancholy spectacle. We were told that the French soldiers unroofed the house, and industriously destroyed everything that could be destroyed, out of malice to the English. On the other hand, it has been asserted that the original vicious construction of the building, hastily run up, was the cause of its dilapidation, and that, like the Tower of Fonthill, it was devoted to early ruin by the negligence of the architect, or the impatience of his employer. On leaving the gateless gate-way of Monserrat, we crossed the road, and at once began to ascend the hill—very steep in many places, wild and beautiful in all. Stone crosses at regular distances would have marked our road, had we not had good guidance in the path, and still better in our donkeys. After a considerable ascent we

descended a little, and then came to a green hollow; here we spied, among immense grey stones, something like the lines of a lowly dwelling. The donkeys threaded in amongst these huge stones, and then stopped; we dismounted, but could discover no entrance. Our boy pointed to a tiny aperture behind one of these grey giants; we passed through it, and saw a few stone steps before us; these we ascended, and found ourselves in a little oblong-square grass-plot, shaded by rocks and trees, with stone seats, and a stone table, and a pretty fountain, and a *tiny* chapel at the far end, and crosses everywhere, all of the cork-tree bark. A poor lame man answered the boy's call, and opened the convent-door, which we crept through, and then came to another pretty lawn, circular in form, in the centre of which once stood a stone fountain; the basin only now remains; and below this grass-plot lies the terraced garden. We again entered the convent, and groped our way up stairs, and into the *cupboard* cells, and down to the refectory, which is just spacious enough to hold a stone table and a narrow bench on each side. Ten monks must have found some difficulty in sitting at that small table. The

kitchen is close by. The altar of this tiny chapel has been extremely pretty, but nothing now remains of its fittings-up except the marble pix, and that has been robbed of its crowning ornament, the cross. The old man told us that the proprietor of this convent meant to restore it exactly, and that the good work was to begin this summer. But *cui bono?* Can he restore the monks? Or would he, if he could? The kernel gone, of what use is it to repair the cracked nut-shell? If he is a *Pedroite,* the thing is too small for a trophy; if he is a *Miguelite,* it is too petty for a lachrymary. It would be a pity to desecrate it to a show-box, or a toy. The place, as it is, has its history and its sentiment, and these will cling to it as long as the Rock of Cintra shall stand fast on the sea-shore.

We descended by the Collares side of the mountain; and here, above Collares, its character varies. You have left the rocks and stony peaks behind you, and they are exchanged for round green hills, which gradually diminish in height till they reach the sea. Nothing can be more grand, and at the same time lovely, than this descent into Collares; for on leaving the crags you at once find yourself among orange

groves, and orchards, and gardens, and quintas, and tinkling rills, with a wide stretch of wood and meadow below you, and those towering convent-crested, castle-crested heights above you. We were most fortunate, too, in our weather; not a drop of rain fell, but the sky was full of clouds, and the sun made a great struggle for victory, the wind helping him, and driving the shadows over hill and over vale, so as to produce that witchery of sunshine and shadow so familiar and so dear to mountain dwellers.

Collares is situated in the valley of Varséa. It is no longer the paradise of Carmelite Fathers, but its quintas and orchards still flourish, and it can yet boast of its wine. The district abounds in orchards so fruitful that the Gallamares stream, as soon as it enters the Varséa, or open plain, takes the name of Rio das Maçans—the River of Apples; and in Lisbon the general name for female vendors of fruit is *Collarejas*, from the numbers of Collares girls who cry their apples, pears, and peaches about the streets. All the way from Collares to the sea-shore, about a league westward, the river runs through a little Herefordshire. Near its mouth is a bathing-place

called the Apple-strand, Praça das Maçans, much frequented in summer, though known to be dangerous. Seven or eight years ago three ladies, while bathing, were suddenly sucked in by the waves, their guides sharing the same fate. Only one of the bodies was recovered. The rest were never more seen.

On this coast is an enormous rock, called the *Pedra de Alvidrar* (the Stone of Judgment), rising almost perpendicularly from the sea, which thunders at its base. This rock is one of the lions of Cintra, where a very foolish and perilous custom prevails, unfeelingly encouraged by visitors. For the smallest gratuity, men and children will crawl on hands and knees down this slippery precipice till they are wet through with the spray of the surge; the least slip is perdition, for there is nothing to hold by. An adventure that the stoutest-hearted soldier would shrink from is repeatedly braved by almost any youth or boy of the neighbourhood, and so it has been from time immemorial. Duartes Nunes de Leão, in his description of Portugal, speaks of it as a most ancient practice.

Aloft on this same coast is the Oratory of our

Lady of the *Peninha,* or the Lesser Rock, so called as standing on a crag somewhat inferior in elevation to that on which the convent of Penha was built. The Visconde de Jurumenha gives us a tradition which he relates with the plain seriousness of one who believes what he tells. This devout simplicity, if it must be so called, pervades his work, and is to me its not unpleasing characteristic. I cannot, for myself, however, pretend that I have the least faith in the following legend or "sacred idyl," as the Visconde calls it; yet I will repeat it after him, for it is proper to the nation and the place.—Once upon a time then, that is to say, above 320 years since, in the reign of John III., there was a little dumb girl of a neighbouring village who used to tend her flock upon the mountain. One day a white ewe ran away from her as fast as it could run, until it reached the very pinnacle. The shepherdess followed in great distress. On gaining the summit, she saw with wonder, at the side of the runaway ewe, a most beautiful maiden, who asked her what she was looking for. The shepherdess, suddenly acquiring the gift of speech, pointed to the stray sheep, and answered, that the animal she was in search of was

there. The bright stranger told the child to take it back to her mother, and ask her for bread. It was a year of scarcity, and poor people were starving; so the girl declared that her mother had no bread to give her; but the stranger assured her there were several loaves in a certain chest in the house. On reaching the door of her home, the shepherdess called out to her mother, who could hardly believe that it was her daughter whom she saw and heard, for no one had ever heard the child speak before. The astonished woman was so loud in her joy that the neighbours came to learn what was the matter, and they also were wonder-smitten at hearing the "dumb girl" ask for bread. Her mother answered that she had none; but the daughter told her that she had; and, leading her to the chest, opened it, and there were five or six loaves! The child then explained all that had happened to her on the Serra. Thither her kinsfolk and neighbours hastened in search of the stranger, and examining every nook and cranny, they at last perceived some newly-hewn stones that had been carefully laid over a crevice by some unknown hand. On removing these stones, they found a rudely-sculptured stone image of "Our

Lady," four spans high. This they carried to the very ancient hermitage of St. Saturninus, not far off, and there they left it. But "Our Lady," who had already selected her own location, returned to the spot whence she had been removed. Twice more was she restored to St. Saturninus, and as often did she desert him for the peak of her own choice. The poor villagers, thus assured of her will, resolved to build for her on that spot an oratory, such as their scanty means could supply. Accordingly, they erected a very little chapel of uncemented stones, and placed the image on a bracket within it. The simple structure, in so exposed a position, was soon dilapidated by wind and weather; but the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets then repaired and strengthened it.

In the time of King Henry the Cardinal, about 1579, the veneration in which this image was held having been gradually much increased, a fund was raised by which a little more state was given to "Our Lady" of the Peninha in her chosen home, and here she remained without further disturbance till about 1672, when Brother Peter of the Conception, a master stone-mason, in the prime of life, came with

some brethren of his craft to the Oratory, and having resolved to pass the remainder of his days here, in the service of the *genius loci*, assumed the habit of an Eremite of "Our Lady of the Carmo," and commenced the construction of a new church. But the *Padres Vicentes*—Vincent Fathers—soon interfered, and required him to compound with them for the alms and offerings to "Our Lady;" that is, for the profits of the place, or else to give up a site which they claimed as an appurtenance to the Ermida of St. Saturninus, held by their order in right of gift from Sancho I. The sturdy hermit, however, successfully resisted their demand, and prudently refused to pay them even one *chicken* per annum, or what we call a pepper-corn rent; for he was wily enough to foresee that, their claim thus sanctioned, his rent might be raised, or an ejectment enforced. The dispute throws a light sufficiently significant on the original miracle, and the repeated escape of the prize from St. Saturninus.

The Carmelite fathers, too, now put in their claim for both the image and the fane, on the plea that the builder of the latter was, by his own act, a Carmelite. The hermit, however, managed to defeat

them also by conciliating the protection of the Archbishop of Lisbon. The work then proceeded prosperously, and a handsome church was completed, and also accommodations for pilgrims, the Serra supplying abundance of various-colored marbles both for use and ornament. The image of the Peninha thus became, no doubt, a nest-egg of value. But the hermit Peter was no sordid hypocrite; for he expended his own substance (a legacy from a relation) on the work to which he believed himself called. Don Pedro II. granted him some waste land, by the cultivation of which he was enabled to furnish the chapel with wax and oil, and to pay a stipend to the Archbishop of Lisbon's chaplain, who said mass there on Sundays and holy days. Was this donation of Pedro II. one of those salves to his conscience, if he had any, for his fraternal dealings towards the royal prisoner at Cintra? The hermit Peter lived here for thirty-five years. He died at the age of sixty-three, and was buried at the outside of the church-door in a grave that he had dug with his own hands, and this was his epitaph:—"Here lies the Anchorite of our Lady of the Rock. Brother Peter begs a Paternoster and an Ave Maria from all good

pilgrims,"—*pelos bemfeitores*—not for his own soul, but for the souls of his benefactors, as I interpret it.

The road from Collares to Cintra is exquisitely beautiful; it is carried along the side of the hill, is overshadowed by the finest trees, and for ever crossed by streams and streamlets that come leaping and dancing down the rugged mountain, now in slender cataracts, now in pretty falls of water, whose white foam you see sparkling among the grey stones, through the green leaves, or under the dark trunk of some noble old cork-tree.

These rills and rivulets are, may be, the greatest charm of Cintra; if you see them not, you hear their sweet music everywhere.

Below you, to the left, green fields inlayed with a quiet stream, fringed here and there with wood; and orchards and orange groves and quintas and cottages peeping out from among the leaves or overshadowed by grand forest trees; and then the flowers both in the gardens, and growing wild by the road-side, and the picturesque fountains to receive the pure cool water that comes leaping down the hill and give it out to the thirsty pilgrim! The fountains are always shaded by trees, with seats most tempting to repose.

In addition to all this tender beauty is the sublime beauty of the white waves of the Atlantic breaking upon the shore behind you to the west.

Another stormy night; a wet unpromising morning. Between the showers I strolled out with my sketch-book, and succeeded in getting what I wanted —the outline of the Serra from a turn in the Collares road. I mention this that I may tell of the difference in manners between the people here and in Oporto and its neighbourhood. There, in the most retired place, I was literally mobbed by men, women, and children, whenever I attempted to make a sketch; while here, on the contrary, though I was standing in the public road, not a creature even slackened his pace to stare at me, but every one greeted me as he passed with a gracious *Viva Senhora*, or some other kind words. Probably they are much accustomed to sketch-books here, which is surely not the case in the north of Portugal.

I have not seen a pretty woman since we left St. João da Foz, and in figure and gait these Southerns are far inferior to their sisters of the North. Of their figure, to be sure, you cannot judge so well, as it is generally concealed by the long dull-brown

cloak, which is universally worn by all who can afford to purchase a cloak. A square white kerchief tied under the chin, the corner hanging down behind, is the only covering to the head. Those who do not possess cloaks wear some shabby shawl or cotton kerchief pinned over the shoulders. In Lisbon I observed a few of the long scarlet cloaks trimmed and faced with a broad stripe of black velvet.

In Collares I saw a man wearing a black hat, the crown of which was very high and sugar-loaf shaped; but the hats most generally worn have low, round, barber-basin-like crowns, ornamented round the top with tufts of black silk or worsted.

The oxen are much larger than in Oporto—more like the breed of "Durham short-horns." The carriages are built in the same unwieldy fashion,—wheels and axle-trees revolving together, and the wheel (as if) of one solid circle, with two very small semicircles cut out near the middle. The wheels are much larger in diameter than in the north of Portugal, and the pole of the waggon stands high in proportion; sometimes, when the oxen are under the usual size, the pole is almost on a line with the line of their backs, and the effect is particularly awkward.

The charges for donkeys and mules at Cintra we thought very reasonable—a new crown for the whole day, half for half a day, and less for a shorter time. We gave the boy who took charge of three donkeys for five hours six vintens, about 6½*d.* or 7*d.* English, and he was perfectly satisfied, as he was with the four vintens we gave him the day we went to the Penha convent and Penha Verde. The fare of the omnibus from Lisbon to Cintra is two new crowns each, and for a carriage holding four persons you are charged eight new crowns, which comes to the same thing, except that the driver of the carriage looks for his new crown, though that, I believe, is a voluntary gift.

I left Cintra with a heart full of deep thankfulness for having been permitted to see a spot which *must* be one of the loveliest spots on earth, and if not *the* very loveliest one, certainly unique in its character of beauty and its strangeness. By Cintra, I do not mean merely the town, the palace, the convents, but the whole range of mountain. What man has done is nothing to the situation itself! Enchanting is the sudden transition from a comparatively barren and treeless waste to the richest verdure and most beautiful garden-land, woodland, and finest forest scenery, with those

grand mountain-peaks rising out of the mass of foliage, where the nightingales in this season sing rapturously, and whence at all seasons comes other way-laying music, that of the streams and rivulets, which come dancing and leaping and rushing down the steep hill-side, over huge grey stones, or among stones clothed with the greenest moss, and overshadowed by the noble trunks and branches of secular, —twice, thrice secular trees. What pictures do these falls of water make when framed-in by these old trees! There was one immediately opposite the window of our sitting-room, and we looked at it and listened to its song under peculiarly happy circumstances, while the moon, nearly at her full, was casting her soft bright light directly upon the Penha convent, and the rugged peak from which it rises. All else was in deep shade, except the fall of water, and that was light to itself. This was a picture not to be forgotten; but the charm of Cintra is, that it is *not* to be forgotten by any one who has seen and *felt* its loveliness.

The drive from Cintra to Lisbon is less pleasing, I think, than taking it the other way. But our day was less favourable; we had little or no sun, and the

face of the country was cold and dreary. We were too much in the dark too before we *joined company* with our old companion the Aqueduct; but we had other friends this Easter-day evening, who seemed to brighten their lamps by way of greeting, as we passed them—"Glow-worms that love their emerald-light to shed" by the wayside: we remarked one on the *face* of a high garden wall. How the little creature got there, or remained there, not pounced upon for the supper of a nightingale, is more than I can tell.

We were much amused by our post-boys partially unharnessing their horses and then quickly drawing up the carriage to a fountain, where the animals were allowed to quench their thirst. Half an hour before, we had halted in a small village: there the horses were fed with very good wheaten bread. Beggars for *cinco reis* (a farthing coin, but literally 'five kings') crowded round the carriage. Most of them were children; and boys and girls all told the same story, "I am fatherless." Not one among them would allow he had a father.

Between the Quinta das Larangeiras and Lisbon, it seemed one string of carriages, so many were the persons going on this Easter Sunday night to witness

an amateur performance at the private theatre already spoken of. We returned to our rooms at the Peninsula Hotel, where we were received with quite a home welcome.

MONDAY, APRIL 13TH.

Shocking weather—high wind, and rain falling in torrents—no going out till evening, and then only to the Opera, which is close to our hotel.

TUESDAY.

Bright morning—a great improvement upon yesterday, but still the sky is unsettled. In our walk we passed through the fish-market. A few of the outside stalls are appropriated to fruits and vegetables: the oranges and lemons are tastefully arranged among green vegetables and pretty baskets of dried fruits, and make these common-place stalls look quite gay and neat. The mistress of one of the gayest was a dark bright-eyed lassie, the prettiest girl I have seen on the banks of the Tagus. Observe the manner in which the fish-venders arrange the congor-eels in their baskets: they are made to look like magnificent silver ornaments for giants. There you have the Highland broach, and a broach in the form of a "true lover's knot," and the crescent

moon &c. I must again allude to my sketch-book, and for the same reason I did so at Cintra, that I may tell of the courtesy of the labouring class of the natives here. I was sketching the outline of the hills on the south side of the Tagus, from a sort of masons' yard near to the Braganza Hotel. The yard was full of workmen, some hewing stone, others passing to and fro with rubbish. Not one of these stayed hand or foot to stare at me, but all greeted me civilly and pursued their work as if I had not been there. In about half an hour I observed the master man and several others standing about the gate. Presently I heard a jingling of keys, but still I did not *take,* until another jingle opened my eyes. It was sun-down—their day's labour was over, and they wished to lock up for the night. I sent the servant to inquire—it was so, but they were too polite to hurry me away by directly telling me this.

We were at the Opera again—ballet the best part of the entertainment. It was an Egyptian fancy mystery—the dancing excellent and the scenery brilliant. The Queen and King Consort were present in their private box. Her Majesty is very fond of the opera, when she can go to her private box:

anything of display or state is distasteful to her. She is never so happy as when riding in the lanes and woods of Cintra on her donkey, with her husband and children to whom she is devoted. We heard much of her amiable disposition. She is too tender-hearted for a queen—for her own happiness I mean. When tales are brought to her of distress which she has not the power to relieve, she weeps like a child. But she has no real power. Her sceptre may be likened to a living serpent, that may glide out of her hand any day, but not without having stung her. She is distracted by Proteus-charters and ever-changing constitutions—by *liberal* ministers, who would govern her and her people with absolute sway, less too for the lust of power than the lust of filthy lucre—by an ill-armed, ill-paid, ill-conditioned soldiery, ever ready for riot at the call of the highest bidder, and military chiefs who would all be Cæsars over Cæsar—by a discontented pauper people, who are tired of carrying on their shoulders the quacks and demagogues that have fooled them—a people who have trusted everybody till they will trust nobody. She is distracted between old friends and new friends, the new prevailing. Her husband, a

Saxe Cobourg Gotha, is said to be no friend to England: his adviser, a German in the French interest, and his Portuguese creatures, some of them mouthy and red hot *patriots*, as they call themselves, literary, philosophical and political, are downright *Afrances-ados* in their paltry rancour against Great Britain.

One night our gentlemen went to the new theatre in the Square of Don Pedro (how long will it retain that name? for streets and squares change names with every change of party). Our English friends were much amused with the new tragedy, or melo-drame, right merry and tragical, of The Twelve of England, in which *twelve* English ladies, who have been slandered by *twelve* English knights, are championed by twelve Portuguese knights, none of their own countrymen daring to fight for them. The *twelve* Englishmen, so dreaded, when arrayed in the lists, shrank at the first onset, and stood in a row with their heads down, to be stuck in the back by the valiant Portuguese, the *Lusos valerosos*, and were all killed in a moment. The enthusiasm of the audience was tremendously funny; and when they called for the author, the poor man presented himself on the stage, pale as a tallow-chandler with the

triumph of genius. Camoens has told the story well, and, like a true poet, patriotically and inoffensively. But this play was the *ne plus ultra* of swaggering balderdash. The story itself is as true, or as likely, as the stories of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer.

Some of our party succeeded yesterday in a second call at the door of the *Torre do Tombo*, that is, of that part of the old convent (new parliament-house) in which are now deposited the archives that were formerly kept in the Tower of the Tomb, or in the Castle-tower, which fell in the earthquake. Here are preserved original state-papers, laws, charters, grants, and an immense collection of rolls and records, some of them dating from the commencement of the monarchy. We thought of poor Mr. Southey. What a diligent historiographer would he have been here had but leisure and opportunity been his! How often did he long to be among these records, and how frequently would he say that he looked to his projected History of Portugal as *the* work on which he founded his hope of a name,—as if he had not done enough to establish a reputation! Not a page of his history has appeared, nor perhaps ever will,

nor can, in the form that it would have best taken from his own hand. The history of Portugal—the most romantic of histories—is still unwritten; so we must console ourselves with such a one as we may get from Senhor Herculano, librarian to the King-Consort. He is a hater of the English, because the burgesses of Plymouth did not discover that a man of mark had come among them, when he did them the honour to make their town his place of exile for a few months or weeks, I forget which, when Don Miguel was King Absolute, many years ago. He has never forgotten the neglect, but has made for himself opportunities of abusing us, through the periodical press of Lisbon, in articles magnanimously signed with his own name. We will forgive him all that nonsense, if he will truly and honestly digest the materials open to him, and give us an orderly and dispassionate compilation of facts. We can hardly expect that he will be fair in this exposition of the complicated relations that have subsisted for so many centuries between England and Portugal, considering the temper of the man; but that is of no consequence to us. Senhor Herculano's first volume, already referred to, is the only one yet published. It

extends from the eighth till nearly the close of the twelfth century only, and is more judicious than might be expected from the *feuilliste* of the Lisbon "Panorama." In his advertisement, he even assures his readers that his disposition is so impartial, that in penning the history of his country he endeavours to forget that he is a Portuguese. His readers would scarcely wish him to do that. They will be contented if he will soberly select the wheat from the chaff, as to important particulars, and if, with the moral courage to which he lays claim, he "will nought extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

We here saw the famous bible of the Jeronymites, seven magnificently-illuminated and written folio volumes, vellum. This treasure was stolen by Junot, and repurchased from his widow for a large sum! We also saw some beautiful paintings, attributed to Julio Romano, but thought more like Perrugino's. The book containing designs of the ancient fortresses of the realm is most curious—the illuminated prayer-book of our Queen Catherine was a welcome sight.

We paid another visit to the Cathedral, to look at St. Vicente's monument, which we had not

observed before. Nor must I omit to note two dead infants which we saw carelessly laid on a sort of stone shelf or projection, behind the high altar. They were dressed neatly in white muslin caps, colored cotton frocks, and white pinafores, as if just taken out of the cradle in their mother's cottage. I insisted upon it that they were wax children. Mr. ——, who has been accustomed to such sights, assured me they were dead infants—"angels," as they call them, and consider them—left there for burial: still I could not help feeling sceptical. The clasped hands of both—clasped and resting on the bosom—were so like wax hands! beautifully moulded certainly, for they seemed conscious that they were not merely clasped but *clasping*. Yet there was in the countenance of one of those "angels" a painful expression which might have convinced me the child had lived, and that it had died in a convulsive agony. On visiting the cathedral early the next morning, we saw in the same place, from which the two others had been removed, three more waxen-looking infants. There could be no longer any doubt that they had been living flowers, "no sooner blown but blasted." These are children,

of poor people, who are allowed to leave them for christian burial without charge.

THURSDAY, 16TH.

Beautiful morning; wind from the north, fortunately for us, who were bound for Cadiz by the English steamer, which was to leave Lisbon at two P.M. We were on board at the time specified, but a full hour elapsed before command was given to weigh anchor, and we were not sorry for this, as it gave us an opportunity, again, from the river, to study the town, which a bright sun brought out in full beauty. Still I felt Lisbon to be inferior to Oporto in *picturesque* beauty; but then it must be borne in mind that almost all the striking points—the towers and spires of Lisbon—were thrown down by the earthquake, and few of them have been restored; and the Estrella church, which has the one handsome tower and cupola, was disfigured just now by a scaffolding, erected several months before, with the intention of repairing some serious injury done by lightning. No advance was yet made in the repairs, and probably, according to Portuguese usage, this scaffolding will be allowed to decay before they are ready to begin the work.

In going down the river, we saw that splendid church of Belem; but seeing it thus you can form no conception of the glory of the building. The Ajuda Palace looks imposing on the hill—the tower of Belem beautiful; and the mouth of the Tagus, with the fort of St. Julian growing out of the sea, backed by the jagged Serra of Cintra, is indeed deserving the fame it has acquired. Truly, it is a grand entrance to a mighty river, and such the Tagus is, up to and beyond Lisbon.

The coast between the Tagus and the Cabo de Espichel is rather tame, but that is a bold headland. We passed Cape St. Vincent in the night and also Trafalgar, and next day, soon after two P.M., were in sight of Cadiz. The weather was brilliant, and Cadiz looked under the bright blue sky a marble city just evoked from the sea by some enchanter, to glitter for a while in the sunshine. As we approached, the town lost nothing of its eastern-story-book character; the walls are so very white, and the bay beautiful, and the curve which the buildings make with the line of water most graceful! My heart jumped as a steamer passed us with "Sevilla" painted in large letters on the paddle-box: it told me that a dream

of our lives was about to be realized. We were presently at anchor among crowds of vessels. We observed two French frigates and one French war-steamer. The health-boat and another boat came out to us, and from the latter a Spanish military officer, attended by an interpreter, and two soldiers with swords drawn, came on deck. The lieutenant in charge of the English mail asked the meaning of that proceeding. "This vessel," said he, "conveying the British mail, comes into your harbour as a man-of-war; you bring an armed force on board, and that is an insult to the British flag, which must be reported." The Spaniard civilly apologised, ordered his men to return to the boat, and requested to speak privately to the officer in charge of the ship, and with this "plucky little man of the letter-bag," as one of the passengers termed him. The explanation consequently given in the cabin, to which they retired to discuss the great secret, was satisfactory and amusing. A story had been got up all along the coast that a grand dinner had been given to Espartero in London, and that he was coming out in this, the "Madrid," steamer. No boats were allowed to come off to us till the result of the officer's visit was com-

municated to the authorities on shore. Then many crowded round our vessel, and a pretty picture they made for us. We were saved all trouble of bargaining with boatmen, &c., by putting ourselves into the hands of Ximenez, to whose inn we had been previously recommended by some fellow-passengers. He came on deck and took us ashore in his boat. There was a strong wind against us, and we were some time reaching the pier, which was crowded with people gaping for news; and much disappointed they were, I dare say, that we had none to impart. All the luggage was put into a covered cart and taken to the custom-house. We followed, and were civilly treated: not half the packages were even opened; may be five shillings slipped into the hand of the officer had something to do with this. The custom-house is in the gateway of the *one* entrance into the city from the sea, *Puesta de la Mar:* this conducts you into the large square, and thence diverge the different streets: even here the fairy character of the place does not leave you—you find the houses as fair and white as they appeared, the streets very narrow and admirably clean, no dirt or rubbish of any kind to be seen, save a few fresh orange rinds dropped

here and there. To our inquiry how they came to be so clean, our guide replied, "It seldom rains at Cadiz, and the streets are carefully swept three times a day, in the early morning, at noon, and at night-fall." Good shops, tastefully arranged; up-stairs windows, curiously built, for they project considerably from the wall, are glazed from top to bottom, and frequently the floor of the projecting part is also of glass; they are protected by iron bars, and all have balconies. The form of the windows square. The balconies of course project considerably beyond the glass, and in looking up you see no support, so that they appear, as one of our companions observed, like cages hung out in the sun; and the ladies, who were looking from them, half lost among roses, geraniums, and other flowers that adorn the balconies, look like imprisoned birds. The glass at the bottom is, I conclude, to allow the fair prisoners to see and hear more distinctly what passes immediately under their cage. After threading for some time these high, narrow, clean and quiet bird-cage walks, we came out upon the ramparts and the dashing, sparkling sea; and here I found some of the little fellows, who were holding the strings of those star-like kites

which had caught my eye as I entered the large square, sailing in the deep blue sky, high above the marble palaces. Our inn—"Ximenez' English hotel," not "the head inn"—was close by. We had bedrooms on the first floor, and took our meals in the public room—not very public, for the house is small. The furniture poor; and all looked comfortless, after our luxurious quarters at Lisbon. Our beds were, however, more comfortable than those we occupied there—not so hard; the perfection of a Portuguese bed to be harder than a stone. The "*table*" very good; and the obligingness of the servants, and the courteous and really valuable assistance of the young *maître d'hôtel* about passports, &c., &c., far more than compensated for any deficiencies in the household arrangements. We had lost full two hours by that foolish Espartero story, and consequently did not reach the inn till six o'clock; and before we were ready to take our evening walk upon the Alameda, it was too dark for us to judge whether or not report speaks truly of the beauty of the Gaditanas; it cannot speak too highly of this walk, or rather of the luxury of sitting under the green trees at nightfall, catching the fresh breeze from the sea, and

listening to the music that it makes on the water at your feet and among the leaves overhead, and this after a day of hot glaring sunshine; and you may imagine what a glare there is in the white white sea-girt city of Cadiz.

Finding there was no steamer for Seville (we English do wage war on euphony almost as much as the French) till Sunday, we engaged a guide, and off we went immediately, sight-seeing. We first visited the convent of St. Francisco, now converted into a penitentiary and school. Saw the Garden of Palms, and in the church two most interesting Murillos, "the Conception," (the Virgin with a halo of stars, and standing on the crescent moon,) and his last work, "the Marriage of St. Catherine." When employed upon this picture, he fell from the scaffolding, and he died soon after, at Seville, from the injury received by the fall.

The museum is a fine building; but it contains no valuable pictures, and not one that touched me in the least. We ascended the "Torre de la Vigia," which gave us a striking view of city, sea, and land; and another view quite novel to us, for hence we looked down upon the inhabitants "at their daily labour" on "the

house-top," some hanging out linen to dry, others sitting on the roof busy with their needles, others strenuously idling away their time looking about them, as we were. All the houses at Cadiz are built in this Moorish fashion, with flat roofs, and all have their *patio*, court-yard, round which the house is built, with a draw-well in the centre. The city is without any springs of water; and what is not brought from St. Mary's, on the opposite side of the bay, is all rain water, and is conducted by pipes from the roofs into the tank that occupies the whole space of the patio, and is thence drawn up by buckets from the stone well in the centre. These tanks are most carefully covered in, and lined with stone, which acts, according to the guide's assurance, as a filtering-machine, so that the water is not bad, even to drink; "very good," he said, but that cannot always be, though certainly the water that he made me taste as it was brought up from a well in an immense convent-tank was excellent, — fresh and cool and spirited as spring-water.

We went into the *Plaza de Toros*,—not merely into it, but through it, examining every part. To describe it, it suffices to say, a Roman amphitheatre.

This building is new, and is, I believe, considered a superior building of the kind. Called at the English consul's: his house, for a *town*-house, is one to tempt you to break the tenth commandment. It has its cool marble patio, and fountain for ever flowing, and flowers, and orange-trees, and galleries open to the patio, which would be open to the sky, but for the canvass cover drawn over the top, to keep out the sun. The galleries on every story are hung round with pictures, and all sorts of *curious* curiosities; they are also adorned with the richest flowers, planted in elegant vases or pretty fantastic boxes. It would be a liberty to speak of the interior of the house, and therefore I will keep silence even on those pictures that still grace its walls.

Passed under the cathedral. Strange in its architecture certainly, but the effect good, that is, in good keeping with the buildings over which it presides. The doors were closed. One of our party who visited it later in the day, tells me there is nothing remarkable within. Stepped into a house, where artisans were weaving the very pretty mats with which most of the floors are covered in this country. It is a simple process: cords are stretched at certain distances on

pieces of wood, raised about three or four inches from the ground, the whole length of the room. The weavers sit on the floor at one end, threading, or rather *darning*, the reeds in and out. This is done so quickly, that, as you stand watching, you are puzzled as to *how* it can be done. When they have darned in a certain number of reeds, they take a wooden instrument, made something like the head of a rake, each tooth fitting in between each string of the warp; and with this they give the reeds a strong pull towards them, which makes the work close, and straight, and smooth. Then on they go, weaving again, and pulling again, till the mat is finished. There were half-a-dozen men, "all in a row," employed upon the mat we saw in progress. The *esteras* are woven of all sizes,—to cover the largest room, or merely to lay before the smallest sofa. The small ones are in shape like English hearth-rugs, and have borders of red and black, in Etruscan and other pretty patterns. The large mats, too, have borders, and you can have them woven to the exact shape of your room.

Next day we were up early. We had chocolate brought to our rooms, and were on our way to the steamer before half-past five. Beautiful morning,

but a strong cold wind from the north. People were already astir. Some were sweeping the streets: the sweeper has a donkey with paniers, or, more properly, bags of matting, which bags are in form precisely like the paper ones into which pounds of sugar are put in a grocer's shop in England. The upper points of these open pouches are fastened together, and laid over the animal's back. We met many persons bringing into town fruits and flowers and vegetables. Fish, in great abundance, was already spread out in the fish market. We again passed through the "gate of the sea," and were presently seated in the small boat that was to take us to the "*Rapido*," and no easy matter was it to get there, though our boat was doubly helped on, by oar and sail. The wind was strong, and right ahead; and had not our active innkeeper accompanied us, we should probably have shared the fate of another load of passengers, who, though they started before us, were nevertheless left behind. Cadiz looked fairer than ever, under the light of the early morning-sun, and the bay was beautiful, with its many-flagged ships riding at anchor on that lively sea: too lively for the comfort of steam-boat passengers;

and thankful were some of us to enter the mouth of the river and get into still water. We passed the village of Rota to our right. At the mouth of the river, on the same side, a little inland, stands St. Lucar. Low hills rise behind the town: on the opposite side is a level plain, broken only by far-stretching woods of pine. We were now fairly on the river, and soon came to another village (Bonanza), where we took in several passengers, some of whom, as is now frequently done, had made that long journey over the sandy isthmus, and round the bay, to avoid the crossing from Cadiz to the river, which is always more or less rough off the Cipiona headland. This practice has quite changed the character of the village; modern-built houses and warehouses face the river, and convenient landing-places fringe the water's edge. Two Spanish ladies, one wearing a silk, the other a lace mantilla, both graceful, were among those who here joined us. The banks of the Guadalquivir are certainly not grand, nor rich, nor even beautiful, in the common acceptation of the word, as applied to *scenery*. But it is unlike Mr. Ford's quick sensibility to almost everything that has its characteristic grace, to write as he

does of those vast plains, fringed with pine wood, and covered with herds and flocks innumerable, and stretching away to those blue Ronda hills of which the outline is so bold and varied. Then there is a character of self-possessed majesty in the river itself, that vast body of water winding its way so steadily and silently through these plains down to the roaring ocean. Mark, too, all the animal life that is feeding and sporting upon its banks—those tiny birds that build their nests so trustingly within the reach of its waters in time of storm and flood—those of larger form (the bee-birds), *Aves rocos*, that sport about in the sunshine, as if wishing to display their lovely green plumage to the voyager—those innumerable hawks that are wheeling about overhead, watching an opportunity to pounce upon their prey. Higher up the river, orange groves and lemon groves give you notice to look out for them by the delicious perfumes they send to you over the water before they become visible. In the thickets close to you on the left (our left), you hear the rapturous song of the nightingale. The hill beyond those copses is encircled by a Moorish wall and crowned by a Moorish castle,

peculiarly interesting as the spot where the Moors made their last stand, after they had lost Seville. At last, the long-looked-for, longer-wished-for Tower of the Giralda rises before you, and that mighty cathedral, now full in front of you, now far to the right, now as far to the left, for the river becomes more and more serpentine as you near the city.

The banks become populous, and gardens and orange groves follow upon each other till they end in the public walks of the city—"*Las Delicias,*" which are crowded every evening with the old and young of all ranks.

We landed near to the "Golden Tower." Our luggage, examined on the steps of the pier, was turned out upon the bare stone, for the amusement, I suppose, of the crowd that always congregates on the public walk to witness the arrival of the steamer. We were civilly treated; the officer barely peeped into our carpet-bags; but some ladies complained to us bitterly of the manner in which their smart caps and collars had been hauled over on the dusty ground. This "rough and ready" fashion would not quite suit our weeping skies in England.

We could not be received at the hotel to which we

were recommended, and were ultimately compelled to go to the very one we were warned to avoid, the "Fonda de Europa." We found the warning a wise one: the house was full and very uncomfortable. We could only have bed-rooms on the ground floor; dirty and damp-looking, with little light except what came in at the door; and sitting with that open was like sitting in the street, as the rooms gave upon the corridor which runs round the patio. The floors and pillars of this corridor were of the purest white marble, and so was the fountain in the centre: the patio was laid out as a French garden, and the path-ways which led to the fountain from each side of the square were flagged with white marble, all Moorish. "Table d'hôte" said to be "very good;" but I thought it very bad; a great variety of dishes, but not neatly served, and quite cold; dirty table-cloth; so many waiters that each seemed in the other's way, and there was no getting what was necessary *when* necessary.

Happy was I to hear next morning that the rooms promised to us at the "Reyna," if required, had been secured. We quickly packed our bags, saw them safely deposited in our new quarters, and then

went off with our guide, Mr. Willinsky, a soldier Pole—pennyless, just married to a Spanish lady, and honourably endeavouring to make a living by teaching English and German, and acting as guide to strangers. He interested us much; we found him very intelligent, and most active and obliging.

We thought ourselves unlucky in missing Baillie, who had been recommended to us for a guide, but who was gone to some distant horse-fair. Mr. —— quite lamented to miss him, having been told that he was "such a jolly good fellow." But our Pole, Mr. Willinsky, was something less than that, and something more. He had experienced too many of stepdame Fortune's peevish humours to be "a jolly fellow;" but he was not only an instructive, active, and obliging guide, but a gentleman. After a single day's acquaintance, we left it to him to manage our Seville expenses for us, and when we parted we were sure that we had done wisely.

The cathedral was our first object. Into it Mr. —— and I had not been able to resist taking a peep as we passed from the steamer to the hotel, and then I was awe-stricken by the solemn grandeur of the building. Now that I have visited it again and

again, this feeling seems but to increase. Those majestic pillars, as you look up to them, ending in that glorious roof, truly appear as a work superhuman, seen by the dim religious light that pervades the whole edifice. When you first enter, the gloom is such that you can only discern the pillars, and the roof which is lighted by the painted glass windows. Altars, organs, pictures, dawn upon you by degrees. You know they are there by the tapers you see burning, and by the solemn sounds you hear booming through the building. The gorgeous colouring which is cast so softly from the painted windows upon the stone-work of the roof is indescribably beautiful. It would be idle to attempt to enter into a description of this vast structure, even if I had the knowledge to do so with accuracy, for it is already done, and well done, by Ford, in his "Hand-Book;" a book, in its present form, still better adapted to the study than the knapsack, and without which no study ought to be, for it is a valuable work, and would be *in*valuable to the traveller in Spain, were it shorn of all its extraneous matter; *extraneous*, I mean, as a guide to the outward eye, which is all a traveller needs—that is, if it would

tell him only what is to be seen, but leave him to colour it with his own opinions and prejudices. Yes, Ford describes it perfectly; but to feel its grandeur you must stand at the foot of one of its mighty pillars and allow *that* to lead your eye heavenward.

We ascended the Giralda (*vide* Ford). Not being queens, we were fain to walk up the smoothly-tiled road; and how delightfully strange was this ascent! It is wide enough for three persons to walk comfortably abreast; well lighted, each window a charming resting-place, whence you have views of the town below, and a grand expanse of country beyond. When we reached the belfry, the "ringers" were about striking the mid-day chimes: we were much interested in watching the operation, and in reading the names of the bells; so much so, indeed, that one of our party began to compose a song on the bells, in return for the music they made for us,—music it was not, when we were thus close to them; we were obliged to shut our ears, or we must have lost the power of hearing; and we were glad, after a little while, to continue our ascent, now up a narrow winding staircase that takes you to the top of the more modern portion of the tower, which, though in

itself handsome, would, I think, be better away. It is too much like one of those elegantly-made ornaments that you see planted on the top of a "Twelfth-night cake" in Gunter's shop. The simply grand square tower would be more dignified without this addition, though it gives no less than a hundred feet to its height. The day was most favourable, and the view from the top well repaid us for our steepish climb.

Not the least singular feature in this view was the multitude of sparrow-hawks, and hawks of a much larger size, that were hovering about the tower, or sailing close under our eyes, or sweeping along the roofs of the cathedral, in chase of the thousands of small birds that have their home in this vast building. The poor pigeons, too, that are sufficiently daring to take a lofty flight and visit the cathedral top, are a tempting prey to these beautiful birds, which haunt the tower of the Giralda as jack-daws and stock-doves haunt a cathedral tower in England.

From the cathedral we proceeded to the Alcazar, or Moorish palace; and when I entered the "Hall of the Ambassador," and yet more when I looked down from one of the balconied windows upon the garden,

I literally trembled in a sort of transport of delighted surprise, and for an instant thought that Aladdin must be our guide, for here was one of those fair gardens that I imagined could only be heard of in the "Arabian Nights" (*vide* Ford again). But what pen could describe the witchery of that glorious sun and deep blue sky, and of those orange groves and cypress trees, and rich flowers and flowering shrubs, and marble fountains throwing around them so bountifully their cool waters; and the marble baths and grottos, and cloister-walks all of fine marble; and the historical interest attached to all this, with the thought that you are treading the marble floors that the Moor and the Christian trod so many centuries ago, and for the possession of which they struggled so bravely. The preservation of the stucco work is wonderful—mere plaster, as fresh and perfect as the labour of yesterday; we had an opportunity of comparing old with new. The young queen is restoring this palace; it is her royal property; she is repainting it, keeping precisely to the original colouring, and where the Moorish decorations fail, supplying the deficiencies; and when completed (will that ever be?) it will indeed be a right royal

abode. The only colours employed are greens, blues, and reds, and these colours are repeated in the pantiles, which line the walls all round to a certain height, and frequently run up the corners of the rooms to the ceiling. What is now mere bare wall was probably hung with silk. It is astonishing to look upon these tiles; the colours bright as if just out of the potter's hand; the patterns beautiful, every one differing from its neighbour, and every colour a distinct piece of tile. These pieces are necessarily very small, and yet not one has dropped, or even stirred from its place, except such as have been destroyed through love of destruction, or through that wicked desire of relic-possession, no matter at what cost.

We visited the *Contaduria,* where are preserved the Indian archives, that is, the archives of South America, from the time of Columbus to the loss of Columbia. These papers are arranged in glass cases (book-cases with glass doors), and occupy both sides of the three immense rooms that form the sides of the large square; and in this figure all the houses seem to be built, with open galleries looking into the *patio.* The staircase leading up to these rooms is of magnificent

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marble; all is marble,—walls, pillars, floor, steps, rails, and balustrades. The floor of the rooms is black and white marble, alternating in lozenge-shape. Filling up the right angle between each room, or rather gallery,—for the length of these rooms vastly exceeds their width,—is some elaborate pattern that would make the fingers of many of my carpet-work-loving friends in England tingle with the desire to copy.

To the *Caridad,* rich in pictures by Murillo. Here is an exquisite "Infant Saviour," and a still more exquisite "St. John,"—the one where he is hugging the lamb. This picture disposed me to break the tenth commandment more than the famous picture of "Moses striking the Rock," or the "San Juan de Dios," or the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes." If I might presume to criticise a painting that the world ranks so high, I should say that the rock in the "Moses" was too insignificant a feature in the composition. There is a fine figure on horseback in the foreground, more conspicuous than the rock or Moses himself. These treasures are in the chapel of the "Caridad," a hospital for poor men. The patio is very handsome. The chapel fills

the north side of the patio: the great western door of this chapel opens upon the square of the Caridad, which is outside the city walls. Public walks, shaded by trees, occupy the space between this *Plaza* and the Guadalquivir.

To the "*Merced,*" now the "*Museo.*" Standing in the cloisters near to the entrance, is that curiously-wrought and much-celebrated iron cross, by Sebastian Conde, which formerly stood in the Cerrageria. There is a good deal of ancient sculpture, brought from Italica, arranged in these cloisters, but nothing, I believe, considered first-rate. The museum contains galleries on galleries of pictures; but as there was no catalogue, I kept to the Murillos; and the one of all these that riveted my attention, and drew me back again and again, was the one which on my return to our inn I found, from Ford, the painter called "his own picture,"—"*San Tomas de Villa Nueva.*" The benign expression of St. Thomas,—the breathing beggars,—the cripple, that you seem to see crawling to receive the piece of money which is held out towards his uplifted hand,—the beaming countenance of the little child, who is telling her mother what *she* has just received,—the mother is

in deep shadow; so is the child, except the profile of her sweet face and the top of her head, which catch a portion of the strong light that comes in from behind, streaming upon the head and upper part of the *bishop's* figure,—truly a light from Heaven!

St. Thomas's Dream, of our Saviour's coming down to him from the cross, is a wonderful picture; the San Leandro and San Buenaventuro is very fine. These are all in the "Murillo gallery." Amongst those in the gallery on the ground-floor, "La Concepcion" is the gem,—the little angel to the right, angelic indeed. The *Child* in the "Virgin and Child" —the one called "La Servilleta"—is really alive; one sees it "struggling to get out of its mother's arms."

You need only walk through one street in Seville, to be convinced, if it were necessary, of the truth of Murillo's pencil; for there you are sure to meet figures that *must* have stepped down from some one of his canvasses. I have seen his "sweet St. John" more than once, and his beggars again and again; alas! not his monks, for their "occupation 's gone." His *Marys* do not satisfy me: they are "perfect women," and often faultless in featured beauty, but nothing more. They are Marys such as Protestants

might paint; but a Catholic, more especially a native of Seville,—where they hold that the Virgin was born free from any taint of original sin,—ought to make her more spiritual: but Raphael only can effect this. I am putting things down just as they come into my head, which is too full of poetical impressions and dreamy realisations of cherished day-dreams to allow me to record in what order of time and place such visions were presented to me.

A vision of visions was the lovely child who danced to us last night her own national Spanish dances, and after those the dance of the Gipsies. She was dressed in costume,—red satin peaked boddice, fitting tight to the shape, short tight sleeves, short and very full white muslin petticoat, trimmed with alternate rows of red and blue ribbon; white stockings and shoes; no gloves; bracelets and necklaces, and flowers and pearls decking the head; a wreath round the back-hair, which is dressed very low, quite in the neck; a white lily pinned just above the left ear, and resting upon the jet-black hair of the front braid. Then the large and soft dark eyes, the long and elegantly formed face, the rich Murillo colouring, and the sweet gracious smile, and the

natural trusting—not shy, not forward—manner with which she pressed upon me some *dulces* of which she herself was eating, and the childlike clapping of the hands when, after some persuasion, she prevailed upon me to taste her sweetmeats,—all this seemed to me at the time as a waking dream over a Murillo picture. And the dream was prolonged, not disturbed, as I followed her graceful swimming motions in the dance, in the slow parts of which there is more movement of the body and arms than of the feet, though in some of its changes there is a long succession of springs from the ground into the air, high as possible, with what in the north of England is called a "double cut," but effected with an easy grace, "too far South" for our attainment.

The Bolero is danced by two, and *both* are on the floor dancing only the *slow* movements, in which the figures they form with their uniting arms and bending bodies are often quite beautiful. When the *steps* and quick movements commence, then the one that does not dance runs off to his or her seat, which was often, for the girl, to her mother's or sister's knee; and for the boy, not seldom, that of his playmate or fellow pupil. We saw this dancing in the room of a per-

son who prepares the children to dance at the theatre. Wooden benches were placed round the room; and a few farthing candles hung here and there on the walls in the same kind of tin candleholders that may be seen in the rustic dancing-room at any "merry night" in Westmoreland; but there you would not see the Sevilian courtesy and polite bearing.

Our little beauty was in training for the stage, and the thought of her being destined to that wretched life cast a sadness over the interest with which we gazed upon her innocent face. One of the girls who danced for us is already a dancer at the opera, and considered an excellent performer; but the younger and more childlike the dancer, the prettier the dance. One youth only was in costume—by costume I mean the holiday dress of Andalucia. He wore a short blue jacket, braided almost all over with silver lace; white knee breeches, with small silver buttons placed close together up the outer seams, white stockings and black shoes, cut very low and square: the girl's shoes were of the same shape; and how they managed to spring as they did off that hard tiled floor, and not hurt their feet, I cannot imagine. The dresses of all the girls were

in character, the same as the dress I have described, varying only in colour, and with more or less ornament of ribbon, flowers, and trinkets; for all wore necklaces and bracelets. The two youngest boy-dancers were dressed precisely as boys of ten or twelve are in England. One of the elder youths, the most accomplished dancer, wore neither jacket nor waistcoat, but danced away merrily in his shirt sleeves with his gaily-dressed partner. This carried me back to the days of my youth, when at a "Fancy Ball" in the north of England some of the young men, by way of obeying the order "to appear in fancy dresses," threw off their coats, tied a coloured cravat round their waists, stuck their large straw boating-hats carelessly on one side of their head, and thus presented themselves in the ball-room, to the no small astonishment, and probably disgust, of the stewards and lady patroness.

Our guide informed us that the dancers on these occasions expected some little offering from the gentlemen of the party; and the way it is managed is this:—The "Gipsey-handkerchief Dance" is danced, and during its progress the lady drops her handkerchief at the feet of any gentleman she may please to

select; he picks it up, ties a piece of money in one corner, and restores the handkerchief to the young lady as he leaves the room. (You cannot present the elder girls with less than a dollar).

How came some English writer on Madrid to say that *Spanish* ladies have no love for flowers? The assertion may be true as regards Madrid, though I do not know that it is true there; but it is most erroneous as regards the southern and eastern maritime provinces. Every patio and every balcony falsify the assertion, and every girl that you meet wears a natural rose or some other sweet flower fixed in her jet black hair; and many, not content with the single flower on the temple, wreath the plait behind with flowers, or weave them with it. Children, soon as they have hair to deck, "prick it with flowers," and grey hairs, too, do you see thus adorned; and not one of the 4000 girls who work in *one* long room at the government tobacco-factory is without a flower.

At this factory we saw also numbers of men and mules at work both on snuff and cigars. The girls are pale, and the men look sickly; we observed, however, many old men among them; and on our

inquiring of one of the superintendents, who accompanied us round the building, if the occupation were injurious to health, he replied, "quite the contrary," and gave as a proof the many old men whom we must have observed, and who had passed their lives from childhood in the establishment. He added, they had never fever among them, and that during the cholera, which raged in Seville, they had not a case. The workmen are rather long-lived than otherwise. For a description of this extensive fabric, and of all others in this city, *vide* Ford, for he describes most accurately everything, the form of the common dwelling-houses, &c., &c. He tells us the city contains 60,000 marble pillars, most, if not all, of which are Moorish; well, then, may Seville be called the "Marble City." You see them forming the colonnades round the patios, which generally, too, are flagged with marble; and Mr. Ford tells us, as does also our Polish guide, that during the season of heat these patios are converted into the living rooms. Furniture, pictures, ornaments, all are brought down, and the rooms on the ground floor are turned into bed-rooms, the upper floor being quite deserted. The houses generally are only two stories high; they are

so built for coolness, and coolness must indeed be the first object to aim at here, for we, before April is out, find it impossible to walk in the middle of the day, and the thermometer is now at least 18 degrees lower than it often stands here in the autumn. But such weather! I thought nothing could surpass the beauty and clearness of the deep bright blue of an Oporto sky, but then I had not looked upwards, standing at the base of the Giralda Tower at Seville.

To English taste and feelings these patios, so very pretty to look into, are dull to live in, as I found even in one day, when slight indisposition kept me to the house. To be shut up within four walls, be they of the purest and whitest marble, soon becomes oppressive to the spirits; and I fairly longed to knock down some of those Moorish pillars, that I might get at the view beyond, were it but into the narrow street. Our rooms opened upon the gallery; we had our meals below in a sort of public room, not a "table d'hôte;" each party had a separate table, and you named your own hour. They give you three meals,—breakfast, dinner, a hot supper, or tea or coffee, if you prefer that to more substantial fare. For this they charge a dollar and a half a day, which

you must calculate at two dollars, as you are expected to give something to the servants, &c.

There was a semstress, who sat in our open gallery patiently and industriously plying her needle from six in the morning till nearly eight at night, and for this she had her food, and received from fourpence to sixpence English per diem. The sad but meekly-resigned expression of her face first attracted my attention; and then, on talking with her as well as I could, which she must have thought was as badly as it could be, I learnt that she was a widow with two children, and that she had nothing wherewith to support herself and her orphans but what she thus made by going out to work. Her food was brought to her, and she eat it at her work-table, which she moved round *with* the sun. This lonely one wore the single rose on the left temple.

I had two most pleasant early-morning strolls whilst in Seville—one to the market, the other to the cathedral. The market is very large and handsome, quite a little town, the different streets and squares of which are appropriated to different dealers, with the money-changers sitting in the corners of the streets. It seemed to me that every *possible*

want that a cook could have, whether of instrument or vessel to cook with, or thing to be cooked, might here be supplied, were the repast required for a palace or a cottage. The fruit and vegetable stalls were most inviting, and the flowers beautiful; and a pretty sight it was to see the women and children returning from market with the flowers that each had purchased already fastened in the hair. Many of the girls were on their way to the cigar manufactory; they are at once known by the black silk mantilla bound with velvet, and by the one flower on the left temple,—in their case an affecting badge, from the contrast of the freshness and sweetness of the flower with the oppressed and oppressive air of that immense apartment in which they toil from morning till night. The food they have been purchasing is cooked for them in the building; they pay so much to the cook. The girls can go home to dinner if they please, but to save time much the larger number of those who do not live close by prefer taking their meal in the factory. They are paid so much for every dozen cigars; a clever worker may earn 2*s*. 6*d*. or 3*s*. a day.

It is the custom at Seville for the gentleman of a

family to attend the market himself; and whilst in Portugal the poorest shop-boy would not be seen carrying the smallest parcel, here the first of the *nobleza* of Spain will come with his basket under his cloak, make his own "marketing," and actually carry home the laden basket. When on this errand, they wear the Andalucian hat, with the cloak; this hat has a low flat crown, a widish brim, turned up all round, and is bound with velvet, and decorated with one or two small tufts on each side the top of the crown. Another marked distinction between the Spanish and Portuguese is, that in Spain you seldom see women carrying burthens, while in Portugal the women and the Gallegos do all the burdensome work. At this market, in Seville, I observed few women attending at the stalls; in Portugal the men would have been yet more rare. Then again, the Spanish women walk a great deal, both in the early morning and late evening. A Portuguese lady would seldom or never dream of *taking a walk* for walking's sake, except at the sea-side or at the Caldas; she walks to mass, to the opera, but nowhere else. Spanish ladies may walk, and do walk, alone, without the smallest fear of meeting with any annoyance. A

Portuguese lady would be considered crazy were she seen alone in the streets. My stroll in the cathedral was a solitary one. Matins were going on at four several altars, and also in the great church, which is at right angles with the cathedral, and, I suppose, is considered a part of it. And what a charm it was to walk amid "the sumptuous aisles," or

> "Thread those intricate defiles,
> Or down the nave to pace in motion slow,
> Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
> And mount, at every step, with living wiles,
> Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
> By a bright ladder to the world above."

In this cathedral there is no "tall tower," but here the pillars "lead the will" heavenwards; and how fine is the "branching roof," scooped

> "Into ten thousand cells
> Where light and shade repose, where music dwells,"
> "Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die,
> Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
> That they were born for immortality;"

And where

> ——— "the stone-work glimmers dyed
> In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light;"

And where

> "The music bursteth into second life.
> The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
> By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
> Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
> Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy."

The roof of the choir is exquisitely wrought, but the choir itself is sadly cut up by the three partitions which, though full of beauty in themselves, destroy the general effect. Many of the side chapels are richly ornamented, and abound in pictures, but for these there is not light enough admitted through the stained windows to allow of their being seen at all satisfactorily. Even of Murillo's famous picture, St. Francis, I brought away but a very imperfect idea. Finding I could make very little out of these *lifeless* pictures, I turned to the *tableaux vivants* that were to be met with at every turn, single figures standing or kneeling or prostrate before some favorite saint. Most affecting were some of the attitudes, and the expression always that of deep piety,—no acting here, I am quite sure: the heart was truly in earnest; no external object could divert it from the holy one on which it was engaged. The men were as numerous as the women. I am speaking of those who were at private prayer. I feared to approach near to the altars where the priests were performing mass, lest, through ignorance, I might wound their feelings, for they are very sensitive on all things connected with the observances of their church, probably more so than ever since the total destruction of so

many of their rich convents and churches, and the impoverishing of all. You meet a few priests walking about the streets of Seville in their long black gowns and curiously-formed hats, like a long black roll placed lengthways on the head: we were always greeted courteously by them as we passed.

From the divine to the devilish; for nothing less is it to leave that sublime and holy cathedral and enter the "*Plaza de Toros.*" We went there because we thought it a thing that must be done, though we knew we must be disgusted and horrified. The *spectacle* is certainly very striking, and we happened to see it "brilliantly got up;" for the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha (Prince Albert's brother) and his Duchess and suite were present. Most exciting it was to behold the thousands of persons assembled round the arena, the entrance of the Picadors, Chulos, Matadors, &c. to the sound of the trumpet; to see their rich dresses and trappings, and bright spears glittering in the sunshine, and their gay silk cloaks fluttering in the breeze; to hear the *vivas* and shouts of welcome ringing round the ring.

Then the feeling of curious anxiety during the suspense between the giving of the key which is to

open the gate for the admission of the bull, and the entrance of the bull, is a something between pleasure and pain which I never before experienced, and would be sorry not to have felt. But to that succeeds nothing but disappointment and horror, till the last stroke of the matador brings rest to the wretched animal. The bull is the only animal of the lot who displays any honourable courage, and for him, and for him alone, you are much interested; for the horses you feel compassion, for the men disgust, and a wish that the bull had a little of their brutal *sense;* and then he would soon give them their due, or rather the spectators, beginning with the mayor and his Dons and Donnas, in their lordly booth. But the ladies are said to be much less numerous at these spectacles than formerly; there was, however, no lack of dames, and damsels, and children on this occasion. The want of fair-play towards the bull and horse is what makes the fight so *very* disgusting; for the moment the bull is about to attack a picador, where there is the least danger to the man, up come the chulos (footmen) — merry-andrews the word means in Spanish, and well named they are — and with their crimson, or yellow, or scarlet cloaks, play

all sorts of tricks to tempt him off his prey, or blind him by tossing them in his face. Then, when the time comes for the picador to make a grand display of bravery, and to have his poor beast killed under him, he draws up his miserable, blind-folded animal against the wooden fence that divides the arena from the spectators, and, taking precious good care to lift his own leg—already doubly fenced with leather and iron—out of danger, he turns the broad side of his horse to the bull, who drives his horns right into the belly of the defenceless animal, which either falls dead upon the spot, or by aid of the fence behind him keeps his footing, and in an agony of pain sets off at full canter round the ring, his entrails literally trailing on the sand. In undervaluing the heroism of the bipeds in this sport, I speak only of what I saw. I do not pretend to dispute the truths of feats of courage in the arena, that I have heard and read of. Sometimes, as I was told, the bull, after unseating the rider, carries off the horse on his horns, and then the shouts of applause are deafening, as they are at any more than usually horrible incidents, such as the picador leaving his long lance fixed in the upper part of the neck of the bull, who then, shiver-

ing with pain, goes tearing round and round the arena, vainly endeavouring to shake off the weapon of torture. This proceeding is, however, against the law, and the picador is subject to a fine of 500 reals for doing it.

When the picador falls with his horse, and the bull might have a fair chance for "the wild justice of revenge," there again are the chulos, with their cloaks and buffoon-tricks, and off the foolish bull is lured. The horses have scarcely a leg to stand upon when brought to the combat; not above 3*l.* or 4*l.* are given for each horse. They come here to be thus cruelly killed when they are no longer serviceable. The chulos show wonderful agility in running away from the bull when he is after them at full speed, and in leaping over the fence, and no small dexterity in blinding him with their cloaks, through which he often and often runs his horns; but even then they are seldom in real danger, the blinding cloak being a pretty sure protection. The only act of *this* "fight" in which there was real danger, and where some courage as well as much dexterity were displayed, was on the part of the matador. I saw the bull run furiously right at him, and at the scarlet flag he was

waving in his hand. I fully expected the man must receive his death-blow, when, to my astonishment, in an instant, sudden as a flash of lightning, the bull, and not the man, fell lifeless to the ground. The matador had received the bull on his sword, and killed him by sleight of hand. But this was after a full half-hour's teasing, and tormenting, and pricking and sticking with spears and arrows,—arrows furnished with rockets, which go off as the arrow penetrates the flesh of the miserable beast,—so that the bull was already exhausted by violent exercise and loss of blood.

The bull being slain, in came the gaily-caparisoned mules to the sound of the trumpet, and dragged him off at full gallop over the ground already stained with his blood, amidst the shouts and roars of triumph of the assembled thousands. Two horses were killed by this first bull. Eight bulls fought; one so badly, that "dogs" were called for, and worried him till he showed some *play*. Eight horses were killed, and four of the eight by one bull. The dead horses, which are usually left on the field (trophies of victory!) till the "fight" is over, were taken away out of compliment to the nerves of the Duchess

and her ladies, who were obliged to stay the whole thing out. Gladly would the Duchess have been allowed to do as we small people could—go away before the second bull appeared. We would have retired much sooner, but that the gentlemen with us advised us not to draw attention to our disgust by disturbing those behind us, till the first bull was despatched and carried off. We were laughed at even then by those natives who sat near us, and saw us retreat so soon. Of this merriment at our expense, we were informed by two of our gentlemen, who remained and sat out the whole butchery. A handsome Spanish lady, and her daughter, about ten years old, and a *caballero*, gladly occupied our vacated front seats. Our friends came away so thoroughly saddened by the spectacle they could hardly speak. "It had quite taken the *shine* out of Seville," was all they could say; and, indeed, it was a humiliating sight,—human beings exulting, as thousands did, over the torture and death of harmless beasts, and sitting there to witness with renewed pleasure and exultation the same horrors repeated again and again. As I have said, the number of horses killed was eight; sometimes they amount to thirty or forty. Our

guide told us, that if more horses were wanted than had been provided, the authorities have a privilege to send out into the streets, and seize upon the first horse they meet; and go it must, be it the best in Seville, or belonging to the first fidalgo of the city. The value of the horse must be paid, but that is a poor satisfaction for the loss of a favourite steed. Of course, all persons who prize their horses take good care to keep them in their stables, under lock and key, while a bull-fight is going on. The wretched quality of the horses usually produced greatly damages the splendour of the spectacle, and entirely destroys the spirit of the encounter.—I cannot imbibe Mr. Ford's "philosophy of bull-fights, though I admire the ingenuity of his special pleading. He is himself a perfect *matador* in the dexterity with which he turns upon John Bull, and gives him the home-thrust with his rapier of wit. But birds-nesting, and fishing, and coursing, and *battues,* and fox-hunting in England form no apology for bull-baiting in Spain. These pursuits, if they are barbarous,—and I do not believe that it can be either humane or moral to *take pleasure* in killing *any* thing,—must be judged and condemned on their own demerits. Let

the Spaniards come and decry such amusements as they please. Perhaps they will have the majority of our country-women on their side; and as to the almost obsolete custom of boxing-matches, which the Spaniards always bring forward as the retort to our condemnation of bull-fights, who ever heard of a British gentlewoman attending such an exhibition? On the subject of bull-fights, instead of taking an Englishman for my guide, even so valuable "a guide, philosopher, and friend" as we have found again and again in Mr. Ford, we will sit at the feet of a Spanish Gamaliel, and listen to the voice of Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos. Mr. Ford himself refers us to the *Pan y Toros*, "Bread and Bulls;" and, so far as the denunciation of bull-fighting goes in that eloquent little treatise, I gladly accept the philosophy of the patriotic Spaniard.

What a relief it was to body and soul to get away from that scene of noise and horrors into the quiet and beauty of the Alcazar! On my return to our inn, I again peeped into the *Patio de los Naranjos*, in the centre of which is the marble fountain where the Moslems used to perform their ablutions before entering the mosque. The effect of the Giralda, as

seen from this court rising out of the orange grove, is sublime. Whilst the mind was interested in these exquisite works of art, the bull-fight was partly forgotten; but when we were once shut within the walls of our inn, and yet more when we laid down to rest, there was nothing for us but waking dreams of blood and trailing entrails, and echoes from those fiendish shouts of exultation which the multitude sent forth when horror was *out-horrored.* Thankful was I when four o'clock struck and we were summoned to rise and prepare for our departure by the steamer, which was to start for Cadiz at half-past five. Yes, I was at first almost glad to turn away from the glories of Seville, though, as we hastened through the quiet streets, and passed under the noble cathedral, and along the charming avenues and gardens by the banks of the Guadalquivir, I did sincerely grieve that we could not linger here, especially as the odds were against our reaching Cadiz in time for the "Pacha," the quickest steamship on the line. The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and their suite were fellow-passengers with us to Cadiz and fellow-hopers for the Pacha. They kept us waiting full half-an-hour, for which we

felt greatly indebted to them, as the delay gave us an opportunity for accurately observing the "Golden Tower" (near to which our steamer was anchored), the river, the shipping, the bridge of boats, the town on the *other* bank of the Guadalquivir, and the rising ground in the distance, near to which stands the village of "Santi Ponce," where stood the ancient Italica. Those ruins, to our regret, we were obliged to leave as a "Yarrow unvisited;" as we did many other places and things of deep interest in and near to Seville, partly because for a day or two of our necessarily brief stay we were robbed of our admirable guide, Mr. Willinski, by the mayor, who required him for the Duke in the absence of Baillie.

On this morning the sky was grey and threatening, and a heavy shower presently sent us all down into the cabin. The heavens soon cleared, the sun burst forth, and all was cheerful, the bright morning light fell upon the lofty Giralda, whilst a softening haze hung about the body of the Cathedral, and the building looked more grandly beautiful than ever; the orange groves seemed to send out a sweeter perfume, and the nightingale's song was more rapturous than heretofore, for so it appeared to us who were leaving

them; and there were the wheeling kites, the hawks, the bee-birds sparkling and croaking on the water's edge, herds of cattle, flocks of goats and sheep, and countless troops of horses, reminding one of the plains of South America, covering the vast plain between us and the Ronda mountains and the Sierra Morena and other hills that have a name; all this gave poetry and life to the banks of the Guadalquivir. On we went happily and merrily, hoping and fearing for the "Pacha" till we got to Bonanza, where we passed the steamer *from* Cadiz. We hailed her, and received the pleasant information, that the said Pacha had arrived the day before and sailed for Gibraltar the same evening. *Paciencia!* there was nothing else for it. We were no sooner anchored in the bay of Cadiz than Sr. Ximenes appeared on deck, and took us with other passengers to his inn. We found our old rooms ready for us, and here we must patiently await the next steamer.

SATURDAY.

A most bright day; too hot a sun to face in shadeless Cadiz. But we were glad of an excuse for rest to body and mind after the excitement of Seville; and a quiet happy day I passed sitting at

my window watching the pretty tiny boats, as they skimmed like so many nautiluses over the green sea; and the boys flying their kites, of which we counted as many as fourteen up in the air at once, and the children leading about their pascal lambs. At Seville too we saw numbers of such pet lambs, and Mr. Willinski told us the history of them. At Easter there is a great fair of lambs, when every family that can by hook or by crook raise the money purchases a lamb, which is called "The Pascal Lamb," and which is kept a longer or a shorter time, according to the circumstances of the family. The very poor are obliged to kill it at once; the wealthier keep it so long as it is gentle enough to be a safe plaything for their little ones. The children deck them with gay ribbons, and put them into harness, and drive them about with a long whip, and the little creatures seem quite to understand what they are to do, and enjoy the sport as much as their drivers. One child has a pair of baby panniers, such as I have described before, fastened on the back of his lamb; another little fellow has turned his into a baggage-mule, rolled up his cloak and tied it upon the lamb, which he drives before him with his muleteer's whip; here

at Cadiz almost all these "pascal lambs" are black; at Seville they were generally white.

The mules, both here and at Seville, are magnificent creatures; truly they do not belie the character the mules of Andalucia have gained for themselves the wide world over.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26TH.

This is a soft, cloudy, gleamy day, with scarcely a ripple on the water, so that one wonders how those little fishing-boats glide to and fro, with their one white sail, as they are for ever gliding; and that stately vessel, where finds she the breeze to fill her many white sails? The hue of the bay is marvellously varied: it is of every shade of green and blue, and slate-colour and sand-colour, each blending with and dying away into the other exquisitely. Light and shade are playing gently with each object on the opposite coast, now bringing it close to us, now whisking it miles away, and sometimes quite out of sight. At one moment St. Mary's seems so near that we might almost step across the water and walk upon the pier; the next, the town is a dimly-seen object; the next, gone entirely; and so it is with every other part of the coast.

As the tide came in, the rampart-wall before our inn was thickly set with men and boys, with their long rods, fishing for red mullet. Well-behaved anglers they were; sitting as they did close together, their rods and lines must often have interfered one with the other, and yet I heard not an angry word, nor even a raised voice, during the many hours they remained there.

Much heavy rain fell in the night, and Monday morning was a dull one for Cadiz; anywhere else, rain would have continued to fall. Having so much spare time, it was tantalizing enough not to be allowed to take out a sketch-book; but there were too many sentinels about for me to venture on this prohibited gratification. Mr. —— was only gazing towards the Trocadero, when a soldier with his bayonet came up, looking black as thunder and yellow as oil, with "What are you looking at?" He answered, "El Trocadero;" and the blunt reply made the soldier look daggers, though there was no fear of his using the sharp argument that was fixed on his fire-lock.

Steamer arrived, but does not sail again till Wednesday. *Paciencia!*

TUESDAY, THE 28TH.

Another gloomy morning this, with high wind from the west. We had planned to go across to St. Mary's, but gave it up, fearing the boatmen might refuse to bring us back again, were the wind to increase. We therefore hired *borricos* and a boy, and went to see the English burial-ground, for the formation of which, Mr. Brackenbury, the father of the present consul, at last, and after great difficulty, succeeded in wringing permission from the Spanish Government. Before this license was granted, all Protestants were buried in the sand *below* high-water mark. We went through the town, and out of that gate of the city which leads to the dreary slip of sand that unites Cadiz to the mainland, and whence there is a fine view of the city, sea, and lighthouse, which I longed to sketch, but durst not. After about half-an-hour's walk on an excellent broad road that is carried over this treeless waste, we came to a dreary-looking village, with rather a handsome church, opposite to which, and nearer to the sea, is the Spanish cemetery. Here we took to a sandy lane to our left, that presently brought us to the English cemetery—

a most gloomy-looking place, in spite of gay flowers that flourish even luxuriantly in that waste of sand. By-and-bye, when the cypresses and other trees that are planted get up, it may be less cheerless, or its gloom may acquire a more soothing character—may convey to the mourner, or to the casual muser, more of the sentiment that it is *God's Acre;* a name given by our Saxon forefathers to the ground set apart for the last earthly homes of "the Dead, that shall rise again;" but as it is, I had rather think of a beloved friend at rest beneath the restless ocean, than in this dreary spot of earth. The monuments, as yet, are few, —not more, I think, than half-a-dozen. The first before which we happened to pause bore a name familiar to our ears, that of ——. We had not remembered that he died at Cadiz, so the meeting this name brought a shock of sadness to my heart, and I could not help wishing that chance had given him a grave in that solemn yet lovely burial-ground at Lisbon, or that beautiful one at Oporto; but his lot in life was one of such peculiar melancholy, that a spot like this was more congenial to the broken spirit, of which the broken column that stands by the head-stone is a meet emblem. A young cypress grows near to the

column, and the grave is almost lost among geraniums, especially the scarlet, which was in full flower.

This grave-yard is merely a piece of the sandy plain marked off by a hedge of aloes, and planted with shrubs and flowers, and intersected by walks in every direction. The only shrub that appears to thrive is one resembling our broom, though taller and more straggling; and this, being out of flower, had a most dismal effect. The walks are dismal, too, —soft sea-sand, into which you sink ankle-deep at every step. Quitting this uncouth garden of the dead, we turned to the left, when a few yards brought us to the beach of the inland bay, where many vessels were riding quietly at anchor, while just over the narrow slip of land the sea was running mast-high.

Had all our party been on foot, we might have returned to Cadiz along a pleasant public walk; but as some of us were donkey-riders, we were obliged to go back as we came along the bleak high road. I was not a little amused by two kite-flying companions, young men of eighteen or twenty, who were as much delighted with their paper *comets*, as children eight years old; but, to be sure, their *cometas* were of a size that required a strong wind to lift, and then a

strong hand to hold. The youths kept with us all the way; we entered into conversation with them. They offered R. and me the use of their playthings; we of course accepted the offer, but quickly resigned them; for though we were on the *Via Heraclea*, we did not find ourselves qualified for the Herculean task of struggling with these unruly kites. As for me, I might as well have attempted to rein in a horse that was running away with me,—a trick that the kite actually served me; and the owner of it was much entertained by my calling it his wild horse. He echoed the words again and again, allowing himself, at the same time, to be run away with by his [illegible] as I had been.

We were a large party at dinner to-day; several English having just arrived from Madeira, where they had been wintering. Their doctor seemed the only invalid among them.

Gibraltar, April 29th.

A Spanish steamer, the "Villa de Madrid," one of the steadiest and cleanest steamers I was ever on board, brought us hither. The sun had set before we weighed anchor, so we saw little after leaving the bay of Çadiz except the clear crescent moon, and the

bright stars in the heavens, and the fiery ones that flew from our chimney, and which, as they dropped into the water, looked like falling meteors. We were in our berths as we passed Trafalgar, and unluckily, too, we missed the passage of the Straits. The morning star called me out of my berth full an hour before sunrise, as she shone more brilliantly than I ever saw her shine, over that bold rock of Calpe, which, seen from the bay immediately opposite the town, takes something of the shape of a cowering lion. It is well to see this rock, and the lovely bay of which it is so remarkable a feature, under the various lights it was my good fortune to look upon it this morning—by star-light, by the first faint dawn, and then as the increasing light gradually brought out the details. The *town* gains nothing by the full sunshine; a more uninviting residence, looked at from the sea, was never beheld. As soon as the port was open, boats came out, and we were presently landed on the pier. Officers very civil; no trouble with passports. A step brought us into the heart of the interest and peculiarity of Gibraltar, the market, which is held outside the city gate, and here we saw Christian, Moor, Turk, Jew, each striving hard to

cheat the other: the Moor certainly was the most gentlemanly-looking figure in this motley company.

We made our way to an English lodging-house to which we had been strongly recommended. Unluckily it was full, nor could we be taken in at "the Club House Hotel;" for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and his suite, though not yet arrived, were hourly expected, and had secured all the vacant rooms. Mr. —— asked for "breakfast at all events." "Certainly," answered an obliging waiter, who, though not an Englishman, spoke very good English; and in due time—for it was not then seven o'clock, and the household was hardly astir—a sumptuous breakfast was put before us. Excellent tea and coffee, red mullet, devil'd chicken, mutton chops, eggs and capital bread of every possible sort, French, English, Spanish. Whilst this feast was preparing, we secured rooms in a second-rate inn on the right of this square. After breakfast our gentlemen went to the post-office, and brought us back pleasant letters from our own dear homes, and then secured for the day a charming open carriage, which took us first to Europa-point. The day seemed made for us; bright sun—fresh breeze—deep blue sky, with a

pomp of silvery fleecy clouds hanging over the mountains, and resting upon the higher points, and casting their soft shadows over the lower ground. The coast of Africa was brought so near to us, that we could see distinctly the houses at Tangiers. The form of Mount Abyla is very beautiful; and how the clouds do love to rest upon its peaks! From Europa-point we drove back by the lower road. The views across the bay, looking to Algeciras and San Roque, reminded me so much of the tamer part of Windermere, that I could have dreamed I were on its banks, but for the aloes and cactuses, and other strange and curious plants about us, which told of another land. We changed horses as we passed through the town, and then drove on to the eastern bank, immediately under the rock which sends forth thunder. Owing to some works that are going on here, the carriage was prevented from proceeding so far as to give us a peep into Catalan Bay. Mr. —— climbed up the hill far enough to enable him to look down into the bay and on the little village that nestles under the overhanging rock, and there he saw a pretty picture of a goat with her kid, couched on the end of a crag which nothing but a goat would have

chosen for a resting-place. The goats here are larger and handsomer than any I ever saw. They are brought into the town to be milked.

While we were waiting in the carriage, I took up my sketch-book, and for something to do began copying an outline of a bit of the rock near to us, when to my amusement up came a red-coat, with his "pray, ma'am, have you a permit from the governor to sketch?" This question, in English, sounded *most* strange. In Spanish I had thought it tyrannical enough; in my mother-tongue it seemed to me *ludicrous*, and I fairly laughed in the poor man's face as I answered "No," shutting my book most meekly, and declaring that I would on no account have taken out my pencil, had I known it was contrary to order. The sentinel was courteous as possible, and thought it necessary to apologise for doing his duty. From this quarter we crossed the neutral ground—neutral, indeed, for it looks more barren and useless, and much less interesting than the bare sand. There is a good road across it, but that ends almost before you reach the first Spanish centinel; and over the rest of this low barren isthmus, which unites the rock with the main land, you have to travel with one

wheel actually in the waters of the Mediterranean and the other among the sea-weeds they have cast up. You come, however, to a very good road when you have passed this sandy waste and a lowly fishing village—one of its lowliest cottages would have made a characteristic sketch, with its sheltering palm-tree, and little garden hedged with aloe and cactus; these plants here grow to an immense height, and are the common fence, indeed the only fence I have observed. On we went over undulating ground, well but not neatly cultivated, regularly ascending till we reached San Roque. Whilst the horses were eating their bread steeped in wine, we loitered on the Alameda, eating bread and oranges, and feasting our eyes on the glorious views before us:—the bay of Gibraltar, the rock and the mountains of Granada to the left; in front, the Mediterranean, bounded by the hills of Africa, of which, from this point, Mount Abyla is the highest, and to-day it wore a lovely diadem of silvery cloud; to our right the Ronda hills—the distant ones of a fine deep blue, the nearer, a play-ground for cloud and sunshine. The drive from San Roque is almost more beautiful than that on our outward course; for we had the Rock ever before us,

and there the mists were hanging as on the rocks of Africa, and as if with a wish to unite them again.

Our road across the sandy waste and neutral ground was enlivened by strange contrasts. Young ladies cantering away on highly-groomed palfreys, wearing long riding-habits and black hats, that would have looked "the thing" in Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne, and escorted by cavaliers as fashionably attired; dark-eyed peasant lassies, with the simple kerchief tied over their jet-black hair, seated on a rude sort of pillion behind their cavalier, and holding on by a handkerchief put crupper-wise under the tail of the horse; open carriages, that might have just rolled out of Bond-street, filled with fair matrons and blue-eyed flaxen-haired children; smugglers wrapped in their handsome *mantos* (scarfs), making towards the Ronda mountains, on horses that looked as strong and sturdy as the men they carried; the English officer; the Spanish private; and then, as we got within the gates, the Turk, the Moor, the Jew, the Greek,—in fact, almost every nation under the sun; and this it is that makes Gibraltar so amusing and instructive a place.

We hear much of the dirt and discomfort of

Spanish inns. Our English inn at Gibraltar was not *much* to be complained of; but if truth must be spoken, I must tell, that in all our wanderings abroad, in this *English* inn of an English town alone did we meet with, in our *beds*, those creeping creatures which cannot be named in civilised society. Of skippers we had everywhere in Spain, except at Cadiz and Granada, more than was pleasant; but of *crawlers none*.

MAY 1ST.

May-day, but not a poet's May-morning. The heavens are overcast. We had the pleasures of cloud-land yesterday, and to-day, I suppose, we must have the pain. Donkeys at the door by eleven, to take us up to the Flagstaff. We were fortunate enough to procure, without any difficulty, an order to see the excavations. So we ascended the hill towards the west, and at the first gateway were met by a serjeant of artillery, who conducted us thither. We passed under the Moorish fort, built in 725 (? says Mr. Ford; and well may he put the query in spite of the Arabic inscription; for, as the Portuguese poet says, "em tanta antiguidade não ha certeza"). This castle bears the marks of many a cannon-ball. Beau-

tiful views to the south and west, seen through and framed in by grand rocks and stones that have been pierced to form the road up to the excavations, which are wonderful; but I do not presume to appreciate their merits as military works. I could understand the skill and power and industry that had formed them, and feel the marvellous grandeur of the rock itself, and the beauty of the views that were lying before me as I looked out upon them from the gun-holes. "St. George's Hall," which will contain seven or eight pieces of ordnance, is quite a handsome apartment, with its one arch in the centre, springing from lateral pillars, all cut in the solid rock. Those emblems of peace almost always to be met with by visitors to these homes of cannon, are what touched me most,—I mean the wild pigeons that haunt the chambers and galleries, not merely for shelter, but for water, which is always to be found there in large tubs. It is used for steeping the tow, or whatever it is with which the cannons are cleaned. We ladies were allowed to ride all through the lower line of excavations. The upper and newer tier is not sufficiently lofty to admit of a person on donkey-back; so here we, too, took to our feet, and the asses and

drivers met us at the upper entrance, and there we parted with our serjeant. We then proceeded up to the summit, in spite of the rain that had begun to fall while we were under-ground, and which continued falling till we gained the Flagstaff. Here it kindly ceased, and though the clouds did not clear away to our hearts' content, they did allow us to see the two seas and the Ronda mountains very finely, and Tangiers and Mount Abyla; but they hung sullenly over Mount Atlas, barely allowing us to look upon his feet, and entirely concealing from us the African coast to the further east.

The Rock itself is indeed very grand,—grander even to look down upon than *up* to. We had the little bay and little town of Catalan right under us. We descended the hill by the Jews' burial-ground. Oh, what a wild spot is this! Fancy a portion of Nab scar, just under the screes, on the mountain road to Grasmere, covered with flat grave-stones placed close together, of all sizes, one lying this way, another that, and another that; and you see this burial-ground of the Jews—only you must fancy a place where no tree grows, and where hardly a blade of grass springs.

The barrenness of the place is the more remarkable, as you have left behind you mountain plants in abundance, and are just coming upon the one only *finely* wooded spot on the rock, the Admiral's pleasure grounds, and below that the Alameda. The mountain plants are beautiful—one with a yellow flower something like our furze, and another quite peculiar to a hot climate, and which I, in my ignorance of its proper appellation, named the fan-plant, from the fan-like form in which the long narrow pointed blade-like leaves grew from the stem. Many of these fans spring from one stem, and many stems from one root. And what happy denizens of the rock are the goats, half lost among these shrubs, or perched upon a bold bare rock; and the pretty little kids, how they did frolic along the steep hill-side! The monkeys were gone off to the east to shelter themselves from the west wind. The Alameda is one of the loveliest I have seen; the design has been admirably adapted to the ground: there are level walks, and ascents and descents, and pretty slopes and hollows, and retiring nooks, and all laid out in right good taste, with one notable exception—a hideous statue, which one would gladly consign to

the hammer of the stone-breakers on the high road *below*. The flower-plants and shrubs give out their blossoms as they only can in a southern climate in spring. The aloe and cactus appear before you come to this wooded spot, but not till after you have left the burial-ground of the Jews. The parade occupies the lowest part of the Alameda. We observed a noble chesnut tree among the trees that form a long line of grateful shade to the walk that runs at the lower end of the parade.

Back to our inn, when Mr. —— had to hurry off after his fatiguing walk, to answer a summons from the captain of the steamer, a summons sent to all the passengers, in consequence of the disappearance of a Spanish gentleman, one of the richest merchants of Cadiz, who came on board the steamer at Cadiz, and was not *missed* till the passengers were counted over as they were about to land. He was in the cabin at eight o'clock the evening before; he was very sick, and was seen to go on deck, but no one can remember to have observed him after that, and it is supposed he must have fallen overboard. His luggage was found all right. He was going to visit a daughter, who lives at Gibraltar.

What a turning of sweet to bitter for her, poor thing!

Jaz sepultado no fundo mar,
Perto do Estreito de Gibraltar.—

The circumstance was not mentioned to any of the passengers at the time, and we knew nothing of this fearful accident till next day, when we were summoned to remove our luggage from the steamer, which had been forbidden by the authorities to leave the port, in consequence of this disastrous event. After further inquiry, however, the prohibition was removed, and we received notice to be on deck before sunset.

We left Gibraltar, well satisfied with the disposal of our time during the too few hours we had passed in this most remarkable place, and deeply impressed with the beauty of the rock, the bay, and the distant mountain scenery. The town itself is ugliness itself; but when you get away from it, and in among the rocks and shrubs and flowers, and into sight of the sea, with its distant girdle of blue, blue hills, then indeed your heart tells you that you are in a land of poetry and beauty, such as can only be found perhaps on the shores of the Mediterranean.

We did not weigh anchor till long after the sunset

gun was fired from the Flag-staff. The delay was mortifying to us, who wished to see the south-east side of the rock as we passed under it. The town looked less inviting than ever this evening, and the Rock, from the point where we were lying at anchor, a *lumbering* lump dropped from the clouds. The western side of the bay and the African coast appeared as if bewitched under the evening light; the sinking sun fell upon the rocky front of Mount Abyla, and brought out distinctly every bold feature of that grandly-formed mountain. The night was perfect; a clear, bright crescent moon, and brilliant stars; but, alas, what a disappointment! I had flattered myself that when the smooth waters of the inland sea were reached, I should enjoy myself as much as any sailor off watch, who spins long yarns; instead of which I suffered more from those odious little rocking, tossing waves of the Mediterranean, than from the grand swell of the waters of the Bay of Biscay.

We were at anchor in the bay of Malaga long before sunrise, and I was again on deck, to witness the gradual dawn on earth and sky. The town stands so nobly, with its fine mountain back-ground,

that the appearance is impressive, in spite of its strange-looking cathedral, of a nondescript style of architecture, and its custom-house, an immense square heavy building. Then the old *Moorish* walls, that zig-zag up the hill to the castle, which crowns it, give an interest to the place that possibly without such associations might be wanting. The lower hills are clothed with vines to their very summits, and at their feet almost any tropical plant will thrive. The palm trees are finer than any I have seen elsewhere. The cactus is quite the weed of the country.

They make a terrible fuss at Malaga about the luggage. Every package is twice counted over, and a twice-written note is taken of it before it enters the custom-house; and not one parcel is allowed to be moved from the pier till all is ready to be put into the great cart which conveys the things thither. To us the loss of time was the only inconvenience, for when the things were once in the custom-house the trouble was nothing; officers extremely civil, not opening half our packages. As Granada was our main object in landing here, the first thing we did, even before looking for a lodging, was to secure places in the diligence for that city. Finding a coach

would start at 11 P.M., we resolved to go forward at once, and were lucky enough to secure two places in the *coupé*. This important business transacted, we made our way to a *Casa de Pupilos*, to which we had been recommended, and as beds were not needed by us (the house was quite full) we were admitted, and were soon seated at a table d'hôte breakfast-table. Every thing excellent; neat, clean, and well arranged. There were waiters who spoke English, French, and Italian, besides Spanish. The waiters at these inns or lodging-houses are, for the most part, *Italians;* generally, also, Italians act as stewards on board the Mediterranean coasting steam-boats. One trivial thing surprised me; we had *steel* forks, both at breakfast and dinner. I fancied the prongs of Birmingham were never used in the south except as *helps* to the carving-knife.

Breakfast over, and business matters with consuls and bankers settled, we went to the cathedral, but found it closed; we, however, ascended the tower—a splendid view of the bay, the sea, the pier, and the town, which is much larger than it appears when approached from the sea. There is no very fine building; the most conspicuous after the cathedral

itself is the detestable Plaza de Toros. Mountains rising above mountains, and of forms fine and varied. The nearer heights, which may be spoken of as hills, are covered with vines, the valleys with olives.

Table d'hôte dinner at three; company numerous; fare first-rate. English more plentiful than blackberries in autumn. Dinner ended, we sallied forth, sight-seeing. Hired two calashes (gigs with covers), into each of which three persons can squeeze, the driver sitting on the shaft. We were first taken to the English burial-ground, about a mile and a half out of the town. It is on the hill side, not more than three hundred yards from the public road, which has no fence whatever between it and the garden pleasure-ground that surrounds the consecrated spot. The little cemetery, however, is inclosed by a high stone wall, outside of which is a fringe of tall cypress trees, planted close to each other, and the sides of the wall within are covered with roses and jasmine, and all sorts of cheerful-looking and sweetly-smelling plants. Over the entrance rises a stone cross, now almost lost amid embowering roses. The grave-yard is a square, composed of two platforms—the lower appropriated to mariners, the upper portion to lands-

men. It is not a tender grave-yard, for not a blade of grass is to be seen, and no earth is to be found, except in the flower-pots, or vases, which are placed upon the walls, and by the side of the flight of steps between the platforms, or within the rails that inclose some of the graves. The graves themselves are all made precisely in the shape of a hard, cold stone coffin, resting upon a stone slab of the same form; and the top of this stone coffin is covered with shells of a large sort of cockle, placed close together, and not in a pattern. If this shell-lid had been placed only over the last homes of those whose vocation it was to "go down to the deep in ships," there would have been a sentiment in it most pleasing; but being laid indiscriminately on all the graves, except those that are covered by pompous monuments, it seemed a fancy without a meaning; and to me there was something uncomfortable in the sight of so much elaborate trifling with mortality. Over one tomb a trellis-work was raised, round which clung the passion-flower. Every grave, I think, had something of a head-stone, bearing name and date, and most of these were wreathed with climbing plants. The garden outside the grave-yard is of some

extent, and as there is no perceptible fence on any side except what the cactus and aloe may make; and as the whole country is so garden-like, it is almost impossible to say where garden ends and vineyard begins. The consul, Mr. Mark, has a small ornamental cottage in this garden, where, as we were told, he and his family often come to pass an evening hour of social quiet near the dead of their own far-off isle. This consul has made for himself a character among rich and poor at Malaga that does honour to the English nation. Leaving this lovely spot, we drove to the end of the pier, whence you have a glorious view of the mountains that rise behind the English burial-ground, and to the south-east, as I suppose, of the bay. Some of our party walked up to the first gate-way in the Moorish wall, but were not allowed to pass forward to the castle, not having an order, with which we did not before know it was necessary to provide ourselves. Back to our boarding-house by the Alameda, the least pretty of all the Alamedas I have seen, though our best guide and counsellor calls it "delicious."

Just as it was growing dusk, we walked off to look after *terra-cotta* figures of local costumes, which Mr.

—— had been pleased with as he passed the shop in the morning. We found the streets somewhat crowded, particularly the great square; but all was orderly. Whilst we were in the shop, endeavouring to decide upon a selection of figures,—no easy matter where every separate one is sure to possess some attraction or good point peculiar to itself—all at once there was a rush out of the square into the street where we were. The moulder of images quickly shut his door, and with such a bang that I was startled and not a little alarmed. The man smiled, though his own consternation was evident enough, and he begged me not to be alarmed, as it was *only a pronunciamiento*. It did not amount to that, however, as it turned out. It was *only* an incident such as that between our Felton and Villiers. Soon all was quiet again, and we walked through streets less crowded than on our outward way. We found most of the dinner-party assembled at the supper-table, and in a state of no moderate excitement. "The General had been shot at"—"There was a revolution"—"Not safe to be out in the streets"—"No diligence would be allowed to leave the town," &c. &c. To proceed to the Diligence, notwithstanding, at

eleven o'clock that night, we made up our minds, should our luggage be sent for, as was arranged. It *was* sent for, and off we went, five in party; and two Spanish gentlemen, with whom we had breakfasted and dined, were in the passage as we passed, and ready to follow presently to the same vehicle. As we entered the square, six coach-mules were jingling in at the opposite side, and two were already harnessed to the heavy machine that stood at the office-door. R. and I took the two places in the *coupé*, leaving space for a lieutenant-colonel unknown, who was to occupy the third seat. Presently the door was opened, an umbrella was introduced between the straps overhead, and a plaid scarf took possession of the seat; so here vanished the hope that had whispered, "We shall have the *coupé* to ourselves; no officers can be spared from the town to-night." After waiting a long, long time, I inquired the cause of the delay, and had for answer, "Did you not see those two gentlemen taken prisoners,—one of them the lieutenant-colonel that was to have been your companion? They were seized just as they were on the point of stepping into the Diligence, which is now waiting for permis-

sion to start." After a full hour's further suspense, word was brought that no coach must leave Malaga before sunrise. What was to be done? The "Casa" was full, and to return thither would be to return to pass the night on the floor of a common room; and it was too late then to look out for other lodging. So we resolved to await where we were the rising of the sun, and consoled ourselves with the thought that we should travel by daylight, and see the country through which we had to pass. By and by the door of the *coupé* was opened by an officer, who said to us in Spanish what I thought it convenient not to understand. "There were three persons here, were there not? Where is the third, and who are you?" I called to one of our gentlemen, who explained matters; and after being told whence we came, and where we wished to go, the officer courteously withdrew, and we were allowed to remain undisturbed. A soldier not long before had ordered the gentlemen who occupied the body of the Diligence to descend and show themselves in the office. Some of them obeyed, got out, and declared their "birth, parentage, and education." One, however, coolly answered, "If your officer wants to see me, you must tell him

to bring a light. I have no wish to see him; so I do not intend to get out." The door was closed, and nothing more was said or done. The mules were all taken away, and we tried to compose ourselves to sleep. One of our Gibraltar friends was successful, and took too much pains to announce his success for any one else to sleep. For me it mattered not; the situation was too novel, and the whole scene had been too exciting, for sleep and me to meet that night. Besides, the passing of the soldiers, tramp, tramp, six at a time, every quarter of an hour, engaged as they were in taking prisoners, must of itself have driven sleep away. Except for this, the town was perfectly quiet,—not a sound of disturbance far or near. At last, three o'clock struck, the hour at which we were assured we should start; but half-past *four* was told before the glad sound of the bells of the mules was again heard. The clocks were almost on the stroke of five when the driver mounted the box, and began cracking his whip most lustily, while his companion on the seat made as much noise with his tongue,—now giving strange and loud shouts, now talking softly and kindly, now scolding each mule in turn by name, now addressing them in a tone of encourage-

ment, promising them "beautiful bread" and "good wine" when their work was done. The coachman had eight quadrupeds in hand,—enough to do to keep such a straggling-looking set together, even with the assistance of the postilion on his leader—a *horse*, with gay ribbon-plume of every colour on its head. The postilion, too, was as gay as his steed. The diligences take the road through Loja. In leaving Malaga we crossed the channel of the rivulet, which in winter must often be a fearful torrent, and we very soon began to ascend that range of hills we had admired so much the evening before from the end of the pier. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than this ascent. The road winds round and round the over-wrapping hills from first to last; and the lovely views below you, of which you fancied you must have taken your last farewell, surprise you again and again. Malaga, in its sunny little bay, was visible to us almost at the very summit. The mountain views were grand as those into the plain were rich,—a sea of ridges, none of those round lumpy hills, which, when they come to be oft repeated, become so tiresome. The road was enlivened by numerous travellers,—not travellers such as you meet on

the banks of the Rhine, lounging at their ease in London-built or Paris-built carriages, but wayfarers most picturesque, whether on foot, or on mule-back, or on horseback, or driving a squad of donkeys along —the little animals, all but their patient heads, lost among bundles of broom or heather or pine, that they were bearing to the city from the high lands. Strings of mules laden with corn were also frequent. The contrabandist, perhaps, is of all these travellers the most picturesque, with his large and handsome scarf, woven of many colours, so gracefully wrapped about his fine manly figure. We likewise met many women, but none, I think, on foot. They were generally riding on mule-back, and behind their *hombre*, holding on by a handkerchief, which went under the tail of the horse, as I have already mentioned first observing near to Gibraltar.

When the top of the first range of hills was gained, we travelled for a long time on the ridge, and often it was more grand than pleasant; for the road was not the best, and there was no sort of defence whatever, and sometimes the wheels of the diligence were within half a yard of the brink, and had the mules turned restive, or taken fright at any object on the

opposite side of the road, we must have been precipitated hundreds of yards. The lower hills are covered with vines on every side; when you mount a little higher, on three sides, then on two, then only on one—the south,—and lastly the vines disappear altogether, and you come upon tracts of land covered with grain, or green pasture where troops of horses are grazing, or flocks of sheep tended by their shepherds. Then, for a shorter space, it is all rocks and stones, as bold in form as anything can be. We were fortunate enough to look upon this country through mist and vapour, and bright sunshine: at one time the effect of a sea of silvery mist resting between the magnificent mountain-ranges was something too magical to be described. I observed many hills wearing cypress crowns, and here and there we saw a lonely farm-house nestling under its own peculiar vine-clad knoll, and almost lost among olive trees and fruit trees, and luxuriant flowers. There are no hedges except what the cactus and aloe make, and when you get up too high for them, every appearance of a fence is gone. The Spaniards seem fond of the cypresses, and generally plant them, as the French plant poplars, in rows. Along a portion of the ridge,

we travelled through an avenue of these stately mourners. Not very long after we had really taken our last look at the Mediterranean, we stopped at a miserable hovel to change mules. It was about eight o'clock, and we were all ready for breakfast, so we pulled out our basket of provender (which, by the advice of Mr. Ford, we brought with us, and which advice, by the way, is now obsolete, as will be shown by and by), and took it into the hut, where, on a mud floor, a table was placed, covered with a cloth that might once have been white, two or three plates, and as many knives and forks and glasses. They gave us a bottle of wine, (which was very good *sweet* wine,) but nothing else, and for this they made an exorbitant charge—"for the use of the room," as they pleased to express it.

Our first set of mules brought us all this distance capitally, and it was astonishing to me how the wheelers could keep their feet at the hard gallop which their skilful driver kept them at, rattling them down the steepish slopes, on such a road! The jolting was, to be sure, something uncommon. The muleteer was most loquacious. No parrot can chatter and rail half so fast. He always got down and

ran alongside his mules when the road was more than usually steep or dangerous, and then words were not his only weapons; he took up stones, and threw them at the would-be-lazy beast. We kept the same postilion and coachman with the fresh mules, but changed our muleteer. After leaving "the hotel," for some time we continued to descend, and then mounted to the stony region I have already mentioned. The road over this part—this Arabia Petrea—was *dreadful;* but oh, how lovely the country as we again began to descend! Magnificent timber trees — cork trees, oaks, &c., &c. — thickly scattered over the mountain-side. The distance between the trees was just sufficient to show the beauty of each tree; no nobleman's park could be finer. Sir Uvedale Price, had he seen it, must have confessed that *nature* understood the *art* of planting, even better than he. Then imagine those bold rocky heights rising out of this glorious timber forest; and we could perceive that this wood extended to the highest peaks, for wherever there was a ledge to harbour soil, there was to be seen the rich green foliage; though, from the distance we looked at it, these trees appeared but shrubs.

This sylvan magnificence continued with us and on both sides the road for a long, long way; and as we reached the lower ground, grass or fine crops of grain covered the land, and there too, amidst the glebe, were groves of stately trees. We then passed over ground rather less cultivated, then spied Loja on a hill below us, and not very far distant. But it was further than it seemed; for we had to tack and turn at a great rate, and at a great rate did we go, before we found ourselves fairly in the town,—a poor beggarly place now, but most charmingly situated; and of all the rich green vales I have yet seen, the one upon which Loja looks down is the richest and greenest—*the Vega!*—The diligence "dined." As we had brought with us a good dinner from Malaga, we thought it no sense to waste that, and pay for a second; so we looked about us while some of our companions, who were more considerate for the landlady's purse than their own, entered the house. When they came to pay their bill, the woman demanded half-price for each of us who had had nothing. The demand was resisted, and the woman was silent; but afterwards, on further inquiry, we found that her claim was not quite so preposterous as we at first

imagined; for in some places they have a legal right to exact the half-price as a remuneration to themselves for providing, at great trouble, and no small expense, for chance travellers. This regulation has been made recently, as a sort of bribe to the encouragement of better inns through Spain; but the *right* did not extend to this inn at Loja when we were there, and hence the silence of the landlady when the gentlemen quietly refused to pay.

We were persecuted by children, who followed us wherever we went; our English straw-bonnets, I suppose, puzzled them not a little; and how hideous must *they* have thought them, when even the smart Parisian silk bonnet and well-adjusted Indian shawl looked dowdy to my eye after it had been accustomed only for a few weeks to the graceful mantilla. Thus dogged by a wild pack of merry little mendicants, we were thankful to resume our seats in the coach.

The road lay through the Vega; its pretty stream the Xenil, our way-side companion; we crossed it more than once. Such roads! but not quite so bone-breaking as on the heights, though worse for the poor mules, as they had to pull the ponderous vehicle generally through deep sand. I cannot attempt to

describe the face of the country further, for night was now fast closing in, and I could see little more than the outline of the hills; only I know for some time the bed of the river was our carriage-road. The waters are turned again and again over the road without the least ceremony, whenever and wherever they are required to irrigate the land; so you may imagine what smooth roads they must be. Often our way lay over a sandy common, where you might select a fresh path for yourself every day, and this within a few miles of Granada! It was mortifying to lose the approach to this city of song and romance. I saw the groves and the cypress trees, and nothing more, but I heard the nightingales.

Our carpet-bags were taken to the custom-house, close to which the diligence stopped, and though we literally had only a carpet-bag each, and two or three small baskets, it was a full hour before we were set at liberty. We saw at once the game. The inspectors wanted a bribe, which we did not choose to give, and therefore we sat down quietly, and let them turn over every stocking and handkerchief, one by one, which they did as slowly as possible. At last I fell into a fit—of laughter—as they began to turn over

the last bag in the same deliberate fashion. The soldier who was doing it was then, I suppose, struck with the absurdity of the proceeding, and good-naturedly joined in the laugh, closed the bag, and beckoned to the porter to carry it off. We followed to the "Golden Lion," in the same square. The house looked *most* uncomfortable—nothing ready; no beds on the stocks, and to some of the rooms the *stocks* had yet to be brought in. We asked for tea; it came at last; and at last the rooms were ready, and when I did lay down I found my bed very clean and comfortable, and not a creature of any kind to disturb my rest; and so ended this long, and to me eventful day—a realization of things heard of with a shudder—of scenes and places read of with the liveliest interest, and of day-dreams that had haunted me from my very childhood.

GRANADA, MONDAY, MAY 4TH.

What a lovely morning!—and what a view did I look upon this morning from the roof of the house! Neither pen nor pencil can delineate such a prospect. The Alhambra! the Vega! the Sierra Nevada! —all before me, and the town with its groves and fountains at my feet. We had a table d'hôte break-

fast, *really* a *table d'hôte;* for here, not only the host, but his wife and children sit down with their guests. At breakfast you may sit down when you please, and have what you please—tea, or coffee, or chocolate, and bread, and *butter* (such as it is), and eggs, or a still more substantial repast, with wine. The charge is just the same, whatever you take; as in Spanish inns you pay by the day—two dollars a head. At dinner you must, of course, appear at the appointed hour, which here was four o'clock, and partake of whatever may be prepared. The table is not neatly arranged, but everything is good, and the bread excellent.

Some of our party were so much knocked up by the jolting of the diligence, that they were compelled to keep quiet all day; and I too stayed at home, as the Alhambra was shut up, in consequence of a "rising" that took place in Granada two days before our arrival, when many of the "ringleaders"—between thirty and forty of them—were seized and sent to prison *in* the Alhambra. I spent my day, quite in oriental style, "on the house top," and not a little amusement did I find in listening to the sounds that came from below; not street sounds, but sounds

from our inn—baby squalling, lap-dog barking, two parrots strutting about the house at their own sweet will, now imitating the bark of the dog, now screaming out their own wild wood-notes, pet lambs bleating, canaries screeching, cocks crowing, hens cackling, chickens chirping, women washing and babbling in the patio, men pelting them with what Americans call "soft sawdor" (*anglicé*, flattery) from the windows above; master and mistress calling out to the men to mind their own business, and attend to the bells, which have been ringing away for the last half-hour, unheeded as the bells on the mules that are for ever passing in the street. And yet, with all this confusion, and all this want of neatness and order—for all these bipeds and quadrupeds have the free range of the house—I like our quarters much. There is something so pleasant in the good-natured landlord; he first won my heart by the *pride* with which he showed off the glorious view that the top of *his* house commands. Then his fat, rosy wife, too, is so obliging, and there is such a sweet look and natural manner in the elder daughter; and the dirty drab of a maid is most desirous to make you comfortable, after her fashion. There was always supper at nine o'clock

in the public room for those who required it; we preferred tea or coffee in our own sitting-room, and both tea and coffee were very good, though at first we had much difficulty in making the waiter understand that a tea-pot was required to make the tea in; and when at last the all-important article appeared, it was full of *warm* water, and into this we were expected to put the tea. I suppose the man was new to his office.

It was a brilliant day, a day made for the occasion, that found us, soon after eight in the morning, on our way to the Alhambra, — passing through narrow streets, irregularly built, and not very picturesque, till we came to the one through which the Darro flows. Here the open *mirador*, (with its overhanging roof, supported on those graceful Moorish arches springing from two slender columns,) the balconies, and the open wooden galleries, are tantalising to one who carries a sketch-book that may not be opened without offence in a Spanish town. Some of these houses, which hang over the river just where it is crossed by a very ancient and most happily-shaped one-arched bridge, would have made a pretty and characteristic drawing. Leaving this street, you

enter a large square, which at that early hour was filled with temporary booths or tables, where men and women were busily employed buying and selling fruits and vegetables. It was with difficulty our donkeys made their way through the herds of goats that almost *paved* the ground,—resting themselves, I suppose, after being brought thither from the country to be milked. Out of this square you pass into the Calle de Gomeles, a steep street which is closed in by the gate "de las Granadas." Pass under that, and you at once find yourself in a thick shady wood, with broad walks diverging in three directions, but each leading to some portion of the magic palace. We followed the central walk. The nightingales were singing around us as I never heard nightingales sing before. It seemed as if every branch must harbour a songster. Such a chorus of sweet voices! The Darro was rushing down on our left, and fountains everywhere were sending forth their *cool* and gurgling song. This delightful shade, and sweet music, and refreshing harmony of waters, do not leave you till you reach the grand entrance of the Alhambra, *La Torre de Justicia*; but here we turned to our right, and continued some time longer

under this delicious shade, for we first visited the Generalife.

In this most interesting place we positively saw common plasterers in the very act, *flagrante delicto*, of daubing the delicate Tarkish all over with common whitewash; while a young gentleman, who was reported to us as the proprietor, was complacently watching a process which it almost choked me to witness, while it did actually choke up and smother the fine stucco traceries. But for an account of the Generalife, I say as I said at Seville, and must say in whatever direction we turn in Spain—consult Ford's "Hand-Book." You will there find a most clear and accurate description of the colonnades, pillars, arches, flowers, fountains, and garden, with the Darro flashing right through the middle of it, with a splendour all its own; for the water is protected from the burning sun by arches of evergreen. The view from the colonnade is glorious. The Alhambra,—grand in its external simplicity,—rising out of a girdle of trees in the foreground, and looking down upon the town, and over the whole of the Vega,—a vale thirty miles long by twenty-five wide, and shut in on every side by a noble range of moun-

tains, the Sierra Nevada at the head, the gorge of Loja at the foot. Some cypress-trees, old as the time of the Moors, are the pride of this garden. I measured one, and found it full four yards in circumference, half a yard above the ground; and higher up, where the trunk had swollen out into large excrescences, such as you see on old oaks, it was very much thicker. We went up to a modern summer-house, erected on the highest point of the grounds. The prospect obtained here is more extensive than the views from below, but not so lovely. From this point we contented ourselves with looking *at* the Silla del Moro; for it was so very hot, none of us had the courage to climb up that short steep bit of bare hill, with a sun so burning falling upon our backs.

We descended the hill, and entered the Alhambra by the Patio de la Barca, which Ford tells us ought to be "Berkah,"—court of blessing; and from thence to the Court of Lions. But here again I must refer myself and my readers to Ford. His description is as accurate as a patient and observant eye, with time and opportunity to study, and, above all, a scientific knowledge of his subject, can make it. And a pen like Ford's, and drawings such as I have seen, can

give you a most distinct picture of the form and fashion of the place; but the Alhambra must be visited, and visited, too, on a day in May such as we were favoured with, if you would understand and feel the spirit of the place. High as were my expectations, the reality far, far surpassed aught my fancy had pictured of palm-like column, circular arch, conical ceiling, with marvellous pendent ornaments like perfect stalactites, and walls covered with the finest lace-work, marble floors, fountains at play in the centre of almost every room. Nor was I at all prepared for the extraordinary natural beauty by which this wondrous palace is surrounded. The views from the different rooms, especially from the window of that most exquisite apartment, the Sala de las Dos Hermanas, are enchanting; and what a fairy window, from which to look down upon such a prospect! What superb views, too, from the open gallery leading to the *tocador*,—the dressing-room of the sultana; and, above all, from the Torre de la Vela, whereon the Christian flag was *first* hoisted, and might be descried from the Sierra Nevada as far as Loja, by all the dwellers on that vast rich plain, or along the grand mountain-range that guards the vale. And what a guardian is

the Sierra Nevada, lifting her pure white head to the very skies! All this sublime beauty in the distance is mingled with much of the stern and bold among the lower heights; and close at hand you have all that is soft, and lovely, and graceful, and delicate. Murmuring fountains,—and how grateful their murmur under a Spanish sun! air perfumed with flowers; groves of orange and lemon; the shade-yielding fig-tree, the gadding vine, the sky-seeking cypress, and the aloes and prickly pear; and many other curiously beautiful plants, not to speak of flowers and shrubs yet dearer to an English eye, because they are greeted as English friends. And then the nightingales! singing on all sides of you. Mount what tower you may, go to what opening you will, and there the rapturous music will surely reach you.

Nothing can be a stronger proof of the wondrous effect of the peculiar beauty of the Alhambra than the utter disgust with which, on emerging from this enchanted palace, you involuntarily turn your eyes from that huge, pompous pile of unfinished building which Charles V. intended for a palace that should eclipse it. A large portion of the Alhambra was destroyed to make way for this coarse Brobdignag

monster, which has far less claim to affinity with its Moorish neighbour than a Flanders cart-horse with an Arab barb.

We lingered about the Alhambra, going from room to room, and from court to court, and always thinking the thing last seen the most magical, with one exception, the *mezquita* (the mosque)—that disappointed me. But it was never built to bear the burthen of that ugly altar at one end, and that hideously tawdry gallery for the orchestra of the other. The niche in the ante-room, where the koran was kept, is perhaps for its size the most exquisite specimen of stucco-work in the whole building. But beautiful as is this work in plaster, it is the delicacy of the arches and pillars of dazzling white marble, and the flat roofs, and the conical roofs, that delight my eye most, and the floors, and the fountains, and the—what not? The stern simplicity of those plain square towers and turrets have an indescribable charm. And how fine the building looks, from the Alameda de Darro, crowning the wooded precipice, at the foot of which the Darro runs to tell to the busy baking city of the cool calm quiet of the Alhambra! We, too soon, were obliged to do as the

Darro does—hasten to the city; for the clock was on the stroke of four.

After dinner we went forth again, to see the sun set from the chapel of Saint Michael, which stands on the top of a hill that rises above the old town, and is considerably higher than the one on which the Alhambra is built; so that the chapel-yard commands a perfect view of this vast structure, running round the very edge of the hill, and rising and falling with the natural rise and fall of the ground. Enough of the old walls remain for a stranger to see at a glance the enormous extent of ground which the palace and its gardens, &c. covered. Our road to San Miguel took us through a great part of the old town, where almost every house is Moorish, and every well is a Moorish well, very simple in construction, built of brick or stone, much in the form of a bee-hive with a large door. Moorish houses and Moorish wells; but what a contrast do these wretched-looking brick-and-mortar hovels offer to the marble palaces and fountains at Seville! and they, too, are Moorish. Ford explains this, which otherwise to me would have been a puzzle:—"Granada was built by impoverished, defeated refugees—

not like Seville, by the Moor, in all his palmy pride." Yet what Moor was ever lodged so proudly in Spain as the Lord of the Alhambra?

We were not particularly fortunate in our sunset; but under *any* circumstances this view must be well worth the drag upon limb or purse which is required to get at it. In one respect, it is finer than that from the Torre de la Vela:—you have a noble mountain prospect behind you, into and beyond the gorge where the Darro has its birth-place.

We met herds of goats coming down from the hills into the city. Some of the tribe seem to live altogether in the streets; for, go out at what hour you may, you are sure to see them resting under the shade of the houses, or feeding upon vegetables or branches of trees that are lying about the door. Pascal lambs are still very numerous; we could well dispense with two or three out of our neighbouring patios; they sleep little themselves, and seem anxious to keep everything wide awake around them. At dinner to-day we had the pleasure of being joined by the friend of our arrested friend the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Diligence, and of hearing from him that the Lieutenant-Colonel, too, was in Granada.

He was the cousin of the officer that was shot, and was on that account taken up for examination; and the fact was this:—A Colonel Don Raphael *Fulano*—for I did not catch the name—while walking on the Alameda, had been shot at by some man, who, as he presented the pistol, said, "That is the death that tyrants should die." The assassin escaped, but was supposed to have been a Prussian officer in the Spanish service, for such a person had absconded. The officer shot was not believed at the time to be mortally wounded, but he died a few days after we left Malaga, as we saw by the papers. He was said to be a martinet, and personally disliked by those whom he commanded. This might or might not be true, yet one cannot help thinking some political movement was at the bottom of it, seeing there was a simultaneous rise at Granada; and when we arrived there, our coach was beset with people, all eager to hear of the outbreak at Malaga, rumours of which had already reached them. I know not how many prisoners were taken at Malaga. From Granada sixteen persons were expelled, sent to different parts of the kingdom. The rush through the narrow street at Malaga, when we were in the shop purchasing figures,

was a rush of soldiers and townspeople in pursuit of the assassin, who, leaving the Alameda, crossed the great square, and ran down the street. The Alameda was crowded at the time the Colonel was shot, and he was quietly walking with the General and other military men, among the dames and damsels who were inhaling the odour of flattery and cigaritos from the lips of their admirers.

MAY 7TH.

A cloudy day. The sun broke through before ten o'clock. We went to the cathedral. It was closed; but the door of the "Capilla de los Reyes" was open; and this was what we most wished to visit. It is divided into two parts by a beautiful iron gate, which is kept locked; so we could only see enough through this splendid iron barrier to prepare us for what we hoped to examine carefully another day,—the altar, the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and all the other interests inclosed within these narrow walls. Walked round the cathedral—*round*, indeed; for there are dirty, shabby houses built up against it on the east side, so that you cannot get near it at all. Externally, it is a heavy, ugly edifice; the only part I could admire was the Chapel of the Kings, and a

portion that runs at right angles from that,—an upper gallery, with circular arches and wreathed pillars. The archbishop's palace is a melancholy building, in spite of pleasant memories of Gil Blas. We crossed the Plaza de Vibarambla, and saw the Moorish arch. This square, once so famous for its *Juegos de Canas* and bull-fights, is now converted into a market-place; and here is held the *Fiesta* of Corpus Christi. Preparations for this festival were going on, erection of booths, balconies, &c. Excellent fruits and vegetables abounded here,—peas, beans, tomatas, artichokes, cucumbers, vegetable marrow, oranges, lemons, strawberries, cherries, apricots. The apricots are delicious; the strawberries like our wild mountain-strawberry in look and flavour, but much larger.

We walked through the Zacatin, the shopping street of Granada,—its Burlington-arcade, with this grand difference, that the passage has no other canopy than the sky, and that the shops on either side are doorless and windowless. I am not quite correct in saying no other canopy; for while the hot sun is aloft, the Zacatin is covered with an awning. We first saw it on a cloudy day, when this protection was not needed. Here the best things are to be met with.

We were in quest of *Spanish* fans. The shopkeeper frankly assured us at once that none were to be had in Granada. He had plenty of fans, which he showed us; but they, like all the rest, were painted in France for the Spanish market. Now a man in the Viba-rambla insisted on it that his fans were entirely Spanish; but they told too plainly their own history for us to be taken in.

Our table-d'hôte dinner is very amusing; fresh faces every day; and one or two old ones we are always pleased to see. An elderly gentleman who sits next to ——, with a most benignant countenance, is so quietly attentive, that I long to talk to him, and tell him how much obliged I feel. There is another regular guest whom I should like to talk with too,—a young man with a very large black moustache; and to him I should say, "It is not gentlemanly to sit with your hat on and *smoke* all the time you are not eating, when ladies are dining at the same table with you." Our dinner comes thus :—soup; then vegetables; then a mixed dish of a sort of sausage and bacon; then bouillé; then some stew or other, generally seasoned with tomata sauce; that is followed by boiled fish; then come artichokes dressed in oil, not

good; then roast meat; and then, some roasted birds—chicken, or partridges, or quails, or larks, or wild ducks, or I know not what; then fried fish; and often, after all that, anchovies were handed about. And then the dessert was put upon the table, and with it some sweet dish of pastry or custard, and at the same time "cheese for the English." Four or more plates piled with olives were always on the table; and I observed that the Spaniards were constantly stretching out their forks towards these plates. The landlord's pretty daughter eats them with everything; and I really think her fork visits the olive plate oftener than her own. The plates were all small white ones, not larger than English "cheese plates." Where so many are required, it is wise to have them small—so much more convenient.

We had heavy rain in the night, and showers were still falling when we started at nine o'clock for the cathedral. Mass was going on. The sound of the organ very fine in this building, which is certainly no mean temple, notwithstanding much wretched taste in the fitting up, especially in the white-washing of the stone-work and pillars; even that noble arch in the "coro" has not escaped.

We waited till mass ended, and then were fortunate enough to fall in with a table d'hôte acquaintance, who came hither on the same errand as we did—to see the cathedral. He had a friend in one of the canons, and both courteously invited us to join their party, by which lucky accident, and Ford's invaluable book, we saw everything. The carved and painted Virgins, by Cano, and other pictures in the sacristy by the same artist; the priest's splendid vestments; the capilla de San Miguel, and the chapel opposite to it; the pictures of the Life of the Virgin, above the high altar; the statues of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the chief interest of the cathedral—the chapel where they and their descendants, for two generations, lie entombed. We examined attentively these splendid monuments; we descended into the vault, not forgetting Ford's well-timed caution, "mind your head," and looked upon their simple coffins. The vault contains five,—those of Ferdinand and Isabella—of Philip and "crazy Jane," and of their son, the youth who was killed by a fall from his horse. We ascended to study the bas relievos in wood, representing the surrender of Granada, which decorate the sides of the altar; very curious, and

admirably reported in *the* "Hand-book." In the sacristy belonging to this chapel of the kings, are preserved the sword, and the sceptre, and the simple gold crown of Ferdinand; and each of these we held in our hands. And we saw the queen's beautifully-illuminated missal; also some of her embroidering in gold, which she wrought for this chapel; and with shame we heard, and hoped it was not true, that an English lady—a relic-*maniac*, I suppose—cut out a small portion of this embroidery. There is a curious picture, supposed to be by Ferdinand Gallegos, of the descent from the cross, in a side chapel close by. There were not many persons in the cathedral when we entered, but it was late; the last mass was half over. It was pleasing to observe that of those few the men were as numerous as the women, and apparently as serious in their devotions.

The mantilla is universal; I have seen no bonnets, except our own and that of an English lady who is also an inmate of the "Golden Lion." Mantilla excepted, the dress of the women is just like ours. The one red rose, or other flower, in the hair is common here as at Seville. The costume of the men is most picturesque, whether they wear the large

blue cloak, gracefully thrown over the left shoulder, and shewing its handsome black velvet, scarlet or Prussian-blue cloth facing, or the short, silver-broidered jacket, with slashed sleeves of divers colours; or enfold themselves in the ample scarf, woven of many colours, or may be of one colour, with a gaily-embroidered border. I have remarked many hats of conical shape, as well as those with low flat crowns, which are universal in Seville. Mr. —— is quite right in saying that the Spanish cloak does not look so graceful when not accompanied by the Andalusian hat; the French hat suits it not.

At the stalls, and in the markets, as many women as men are to be seen; but you never meet a woman carrying a heavy burthen, or driving mules or donkies, or walking when the men are riding, which used to disturb me so much in Portugal. Here the order of things is properly reversed; but I think you oftener see the lady riding behind the gentleman than alone on her steed, and holding on in that comical way by the handkerchief, secured crupper-fashion under the animal's tail. The saddles and bridles are so gay! and even the harness of the Diligence, in spite of its untidy rope traces, looks very

showy; with the crimson breeching, bound with yellow; bridles to correspond; and the collars, also, lined with bright yellow. The Spaniards love gay colours, and well do they harmonize with the bright sunshine and clear blue sky.

Among the pleasant and characteristic *sounds* of this fair land is that of the castanets. You hear it constantly from the groups of children playing out of doors. Among the *street* sounds is one painful to English ears,—that of the clinking of the chains of convicts, who here, as in Portugal, are the only street-makers and menders. There is a band of them at this moment at work below our window. The chains have been my *reveillé* every morning at half-past five. In the precincts of the Alhambra you are not secure from the distressing clank. I was again in this enchanting spot. To-day I took my way thither through the Alameda; this *is* a "delicious" Alameda (if you please, Mr. Ford), with its stately avenues, its fountains, and flowers, and water-jets, and nightingales! And the towers of the Alhambra brooding over it on the left, and the river Xenil, so famous in song, singing to it on the right; and the Sierra Nevada, like a pure white spirit,

watching over it from her home in the blue heavens. On reaching the bridge by which you may cross the Xenil, I turned up to the left, passing under terraced gardens that sent down sweet perfumes from their walls richly garlanded with flowers. Then I came to curious old Moorish dwellings and Moorish wells, and then to the houses of the gipsies—houses scooped out of the living rock, with a hole left in the face of it by way of door. What wild-looking creatures the children were that were squatting about these apertures! I was soon under shelter of the deep green shade of the wood that girdles the Alhambra. The views that this approach commands, at any turn of the steep ascent, are glorious.

It is now always necessary to ask permission to enter the Alhambra. My donkey-man (for I had no other attendant to-day) understood nothing about this matter, and he was ignorant even of the quarter where the General lived. So I was myself obliged to mount the staircase, and find my way as I could along that narrow, low, and rather dark passage to the door of the General's apartments, and there deliver my card to an "orderly-man" in attendance, and ask leave, in the best Spanish I could muster, to enter the

Alhambra. A servant took the card from the orderly, and the General himself came out, to look at, I suppose, as a curiosity, the bold Englishwoman who ventured thus to present herself alone at his door. He, however, was most gracious, and at once granted my request; and I hastened down the steps with a lighter heart than I had ascended them,—for then I felt not a little awkward; yet the strong desire to loiter for a few hours more within those walls that I had longed to see all my life, and might never see again, carried me through. I went at once to the Court of Lions. The more this beautiful building is studied, the more exquisitely wondrous does it appear. Its beauty seemed to me even more impressive on this second visit than at the first, though that was on a true Alhambra day, which this was not; for heavy rain fell the whole time I was there, and a chilly raw wind found its way into every corner of the building. Four hours passed upon the wings of the wind. I started, on looking at my watch, and found my time expired, when I flattered myself half of it was not yet spent. By that time the rain had ceased; and when I came out of those Aladdin courts, the Vega was looking more luxuriantly beautiful than ever, under the varied

effects of light produced by bright sunshine, dark cloud, and soft curling vapour.

Heavy rain came on again soon after five, and continued to fall; not lucky this for persons about to return by coach to Malaga. It ceased, however, before eleven o'clock P.M., when we took our seats in the *body* of the Diligence. We had been so much shaken in the *coupé* as we came, that we fancied trying another part, and more especially as we saved a dollar each by the exchange. We were unfortunate in a second time traversing the plain of the Vega by night; and though the moon was nearly at the full, her light was so much obscured by cloud, and the valley was so nearly lost in vapour, that we could see nothing of what we had missed before. Day dawned just as we reached that part of the road where the Xenil is your companion for some time, running through rich green fields, or under finely-wooded banks, where a nightingale was pouring forth its song from every tree. We heard these birds singing rapturously in the avenues of the Alameda as we passed from Granada; and the music was ever with us till we reached "Arabia Petræa,"—that grand, stony, rocky wild on the very top of the pass.

Loja, where we breakfasted, stands most charmingly, and is indeed the lock and key to Granada. It is built on the instep of the hill, and its castle commands the grand mountain-pass on the one side, and the whole extent of the Vega, shut in by the Sierra Nevada, on the other. The clouds would not allow us a farewell look at the snow-clad heights. The Xenil is here crossed by a picturesque Moorish bridge.

These Spanish inns are comfortless-looking places. Generally you first enter an immense arched square, which occupies almost all the ground-floor of the building; and if you are not pretty sharp in looking about you, you are in considerable danger of being run over by some of the eight or ten mules that, being unharnessed, follow you through the great doorway to their accustomed place at the further end of this "entrance-hall." Certainly, these halls offer fine studies for the painter, with their strong lights and broad, deep shadows, and picturesque groups or single figures scattered about. Under one arch are a mule and muleteer, eating from the same loaf, or resting on the same bed,—under another, a rude table, covered with a white cloth, at which the coachman and postilion are seated at breakfast,—their gay

dresses offering a fine contrast to the gloomy background; while dogs and two-legged beggars are imploring with like earnestness the fragments that may be spared from their table. Women are sitting on the mud-floor, displaying the contents of their baskets,—fruit, bread, cakes and other sweetmeats, and pedlars' wares, thread, and trinketry and trumpery; and every saleswoman is persecuting you to "buy." In one corner is a knot of men, wrapped up in their long cloaks, talking earnestly, as if the welfare of the nation depended upon them. In another is a group of idle staring lads and lasses; and you may be sure a very handsome face or two will here rivet your attention, and as surely your sorrow will be excited by seeing a *cigarito* in the mouth of a child who has not yet told his ninth spring. The Spaniards are, if possible, greater slaves to the smoking passion than the Germans.—Well, you must make your own way through this motley company, for no host nor hostess comes forward to guide you. I found my way into a dirty little dark hole to the right, which proved to be the kitchen, and I was civilly invited to approach the fire, but thought it prudent to keep aloof, as I really wanted breakfast very much, and I feared lest

seeing the preparations might take away all wish for food; so I requested to be shown to the breakfast-room. We were taken through the "hall of entrance," up a dark stone staircase, and through a room almost as dark (where two persons were lying on the floor, on dirty-looking *shake-downs*) to a spacious room with three windows. Here a table was already spread for the passengers. After we had opened the windows, and kept them open for some little time, this apartment was not to be complained of. We ordered our breakfast, and when we thought it was at the door the landlord entered empty handed, and for the *third* time inquired what we would take. This provoked us to answer somewhat impatiently, and quickly came a cup of chocolate for each person, bread, and three or four boiled eggs; for which, notwithstanding the printed charges, framed and glazed, and hung up against a wall of the room, the rogue-landlord charged us rather more than two shillings a head.

The drive from Loja to Malaga is, I think, if possible, more beautiful than taking it the other way. Oh, how much would you (——) have found to admire! As we were passing through that sylvan

chase, where every tree is a study for a painter—great oaks, great chestnuts, great cork trees, with that mountain back-ground—we said to one another, "I know not but this would please *him* even more than Granada with its Alhambra." At last the hill was surmounted, and we soon again found ourselves (among cypresses, and vines, and olives, and the cactus, and the aloe) winding round and round those over-wrapping hills—one turn commanding a billowy sea of mountains, the next the Mediterranean, without a wave, and blue as the sky overhead; and Malaga basking in her sunny bay. It was enchanting! so enchanting that I did not feel the awful shaking of the Diligence, which made little R—— look quite funnily cross, and Mr. —— patiently enduring. R—— said to me: "Why, you seem *determined to insist* on feeling no inconvenience whatever from being knocked about in this terrible way: one would think you were shaken up into the seventh heaven." We reached Malaga at a quarter-past four. A man, whose appearance was that of a thriving farmer, in his national costume, round hat, short braided jacket, crimson scarf round the waist, &c., got into our division of the Diligence at the outskirts of the town.

Mr. —— talked with him a good deal. He asked if we were English, and was answered politely in the affirmative. On stopping at the office, we found to our surprise that this man was the inspector of baggage; and when we were about to unlock our carpet bags, expecting a like scrutiny to the one we had undergone at Granada, he said to Mr. ——, "Ladies' night-sacks, I suppose, nothing more,"—and without giving further trouble, told a porter to carry them away. We followed to our *Casa de pupillos*, where rooms had been secured for us by two gentlemen who had accompanied us from Gibraltar, and returned to Malaga before us. We were all ready to do justice to the dinner that was quickly prepared, for we were too late for the table d'hôte meal. As a caution to others, let me say that I was made quite ill when at Malaga by drinking "café au lait" at night—rather milk, with a little coffee poured into it. The goodness of the milk tempted me to this "act of folly," as the Spaniards would call it, and they are quite right. Milk is not good in hot countries, except for breakfast. I paid dearly for my folly, as I was kept a prisoner to my room, and prevented from seeing anything more of Malaga.

I ought not to have omitted noticing the flowers which we saw on the *heights:* broom — the large kind, and a dwarf sort, very pretty; blue iris; convolvulus, of a lovely lilac colour, forming graceful wreaths on the ground and around the lowly shrubs. The orcus, wild rose, gentianella, and another tall flower of the same rich shade of blue.

MALAGA, MONDAY, MAY 11TH.

Steamer arrived, and to sail for Almeria at six P.M. We were on board at that hour, and weighed anchor just as the sun was sinking in all his splendour behind the blue mountains that encircle this lovely bay. Nothing can exceed the beauty of scenery like this, under such circumstances—not a cloud in the sky; hardly a ripple on the water; to the west the hills in shade, and in colour a deep blue; whilst those to the east, touched by the rays of the setting sun, were a something between golden and roseate, dying away on the more distant ranges from lilac into a pinkish blue; even the cathedral looked well in that dim light between the setting of the sun and the rising of such a moon as, I suppose, can only be seen—in Europe at least — over the Mediterranean or the

Adriatic. The night was so exquisite that I could not tear myself from the deck till long after it had been converted into a dormitory for what are called deck passengers, who are taken from Cadiz to Marseilles for 6*l.*, when the fore-cabin passengers pay about 14*l.* 10*s.*; and, as far as I can see, in weather like this, they are as well off as we. They have the free run of the whole deck both by day and night, and greatly do I prefer the deck to our cabin. I was up again soon after five, and saw the sun rise out of the sea, and by and by fall upon the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada. The mountain is very fine from this side, but not so fine as from Granada, though here you look upon its highest point; but this point is not so well shaped as the "Watch Tower," which from Granada appears to be the summit. The range of mountains that runs between the Sierra Nevada and the sea is good in form, but bare and arid; not a tree to be seen, and rarely a white wall glitters in the sunshine, to tell that the earth is inhabited by man. The shore, for a considerable distance, is very peculiar, more like the high and steep bare bank of a river than that of a sea. It wore this appearance when we were opposite the snowy moun-

tain. Then it became a sort of rounded bank of red sand, the hills retiring, and leaving between them and the sea a plain of considerable extent. A small town, Roquetas, rises up close upon the shore, where the plain runs to a point, and the mountains again advance to bathe their feet in the blue waters of the midland sea—such a kind sea to us! having allowed us to float for twelve hours upon its waters in perfect comfort. We did not land at Almeria, as we were told by more than one of our most intelligent fellow-passengers who knew the place well, that there was really nothing to see to repay us for the trouble and expense of landing. The boatmen are extravagant in their charges, and will cheat you into the bargain, if they can. I amused myself sketching the town and its peculiar rocky back-ground; so to me the day passed swiftly.

As the superlative of its kind is ever worthy of record, let me mention the dinner which was set before us in the saloon to-day,—a dinner for three persons—a very small plate of beefsteak, so hard, that even the fork would not penetrate the meat; one miserable cold mutton-chop,—this did not even affect to be hot; two or three half-cold fried Sardinhas;

and some fried potatoes, which, though cold, and looking black and most untempting, were the only edible part of the dinner, saving a small bit of Dutch cheese, which was as dry as sawdust. Two or three almonds, as many raisins, and three oranges, completed this sumptuous feast; and then the wine! Literally, I thought the waiter had made a mistake, and put the vinegar-bottle on the table; and quite innocently I called to him, and begged him to rectify the blunder. The eating on board these steamers is not only dear, but as bad as it is possible to be; and unless you can take chocolate or coffee without milk,—for it is seldom they give themselves the trouble to provide milk,—you stand a good chance of being starved. The bread is very good; bad bread would be difficult to meet with on the Spanish coast.

The passengers who did land returned before four P.M. There was a good deal of wind; and as the sea promised to be rough round the horn of the bay, I was compelled to betake myself to our cabin, which R. and I were fortunate in having entirely to ourselves.

MAY 13TH.

On deck before six. We were then within sight

of the outer bay of Carthagena. The same character of coast continues. Barren mountains, finely formed, rising boldly out of the water,—not a sign of vegetation, and little or no variety in the colouring.

The bay conceals itself so ingeniously, that, approaching from the west, you are at a loss to guess where the opening can be. A castle on the height above us, and another fort rising on the opposite hill, assist to unravel the mystery; and a small island to the right, a natural outwork protecting the bay on the seaboard, now shows itself to be an island; and very soon you round the point, and the land-locked bay opens beautifully upon you, encircled by a range of mountains that fall away gradually towards the centre, there to rise again, as if to form a commanding site for a castle; and on it *does* stand the semblance of a veteran stronghold, which we hope to get nearer to presently.

The most conspicuous building as you approach is the Naval College; it is very handsome, and stands on the walls or quay, on a line with the houses which front the bay. The dock-yard lies to the left. We joined some of the gentlemen, who landed in the same boat that took us on shore, and we all went to an

inn, where we ordered dinner at three o'clock. One of the gentlemen, a Spaniard, who speaks English like an Englishman, and French as fluently and almost as correctly as a Frenchman, had a letter of introduction to some one in authority, through whom he could get a sight of the arsenal, and kindly invited us to accompany him. We went with him to the house where he was to deliver the letter, and we remained in the entrance-hall below, while the officer to whom it was addressed wrote a note to another officer, from whom the permission was to be obtained. When the note was ready, off we went with it to the said functionary's house; and here we again sat "in the porch," and among the soldiers, till our friend came down with the "order," which is seldom granted to strangers. A guide was sent with us, and we saw everything that was to be seen in this famous arsenal, which may well make a Spaniard at once proud and sorrowful,—such a grand and silent record as it is of former greatness. Now, not fifty men are at work where thousands used to be employed. The dock is like one of our English lakes; it has its own mountain back-ground, and these mountains too are of a finer form than any of their brother hills which encircle

the bay. Ships of the greatest burthen can enter the dock, which is flanked by the different buildings. On one side is the rope-range; here are *four* parallel *walks* under one roof, supported by arches resting on handsome stone pillars, like the aisles of a cathedral. These aisle-like rope-walks are at least three hundred yards long. The next side is occupied by the warehouses where the masts and sails, &c. were kept. The quadripartite vaulting of the mast-room struck me as especially handsome. Four arches spring from one low, massive pillar, which is formed of four pillars put back to back. The timber-sheds come next; and in front of them are admirably-constructed tanks, large as mountain-tarns. In these the wood was steeped: there were two or three pieces now in the water, just enough to indicate the former use of these immense forlorn cisterns. You next come to a lower line of buildings, where boats are kept,—memorials of ancient times and by-gone magnificence. Here, too, a thing—a very pretty thing—was exhibited to us, that seemed in its innocent proportions to represent too truly the modern navy and naval power of Spain. It was a model ship-of-war, a plaything, just finished, and already in its case,

ready to travel by wagon to its royal mistress at Madrid.

In the same room there was a picture of the Virgin, with these lines superscribed :—

" Si tu quieras te convertir
Tu dolor en alegria,
No me miras, pecador,
Sin decir, Ave Maria ! "

Sinner, if to change your sorrow
Into gladness you be wary,
Never pass me, looking on me,
Without saying, Avè Mary !

And now we found ourselves opposite the mountain back-ground. On this side is the entrance into the arsenal from the town, and here are the gun-yards, &c. &c.

The extent is something astonishing; and the buildings have little or no appearance of decay and they seem neatly kept; but for what ? merely to show what has been; or in the hope, which the Spaniard never loses, of the regeneration of his country's greatness? We observed one tiny little row-boat on the stocks.

There is an inviting fountain, almost concealed among flowers and flowering shrubs, near the en-

trance. We were thirsty, for the day was hot, and we hastened to the fountain. Our guide smiled, saying, "It is not good to drink,—it is salt." Still Mother Eve's daughter must taste: the water was brackish, but not so very bad. Something most sweet, though, grows close to this spring,—*double* double yellow roses. Our guide gathered some for us; the perfume was delicately delicious, and the flowers were more double than any roses I ever saw. They were perfect little round balls. This rose-tree and other flowers I longed to transport to the garden at ——, with the palm-tree that raised its plumy head in the centre; nor would I willingly have left behind the bubbling fountain, though its waters were not "sweet."

We returned to our inn, rested a short time, and then sallied forth again, to see something of the town. We first went up to the old castle, which looked particularly well from the dockyard, the lake its foreground. The ascent is steep, but very short; and I was not a little surprised, on reaching the building, to find it a ruin, and left, too, as a *useless* ruin, free to man, as to the winds, to enter where he would,—a rare thing in Spain. The views are very

fine, of the mountain and island-locked bay, and of the sea of hills to the east, and over the plain to the north and west, bounded by a fine range of mountains.

The plain, for the most part, has a barren appearance, almost as barren as the hills that encircle the bay, though here and there the eye is refreshed by a green field, and a few trees, which a knot of houses has gathered round it. The want of verdure is what strikes you most on entering the bay of Carthagena. In fact, there seems but one colour, and that a melancholy, arid, dusty reddish-brown. At first, you can hardly distinguish the houses from the rocks of which they are built; and in looking down upon the town from the castle-hill, whence you only see the flat roofs, it is almost impossible for a short-sighted person to distinguish the houses. There are a few sloping roofs; but the oriental fashion greatly predominates.

We made a progress through the principal streets on our way back to the *posada*, where a party of fourteen—all, I think, fellow-passengers—sat down to an excellent — yea, excellent, though genuine Spanish dinner, and where we had an olla and salpi-

con, and what they called soup, but what we should call stewed macaroni rather sparingly supplied with gravy. This last-mentioned dish I thought excellent, though the calling it soup, and serving it up in a tureen, and eating it with a spoon, seemed ridiculous.

The dishes followed each other as I have described at Granada; dessert and sweet things placed on the table at the same time. The wine was very good; that is, it was not Murcian vinegar. We were waited on by the mistress of the house, and her children—one, a sharp little fellow of about twelve years of age, who would have done credit to any inn in England; he had his wits about him, and was proud of his office.

This was the first time that I was actually in company—in a really social sense—with the majority of our fellow-voyagers. There was one young gentleman whom we had before remarked on deck as the merriest, the most good-humoured, and most mischievous, although the greatest sufferer from seasickness, of the noisy troop of young Spaniards who contrived to amuse themselves with one another from morning till night. This youth, as we afterwards learnt, was married; and his wife, a French

woman, was in her native country. The boy-husband, a thoughtless harum-scarum as he appeared to be, was, however, so thoughtful of his lady-love, that he purchased for her, at Barcelona, a costly set of jewels; and of this splendid love-token I shall have a word or two to say by and by. Our two friends, Don C——y S——, and the young French gentleman before mentioned, were to us the most agreeable among the rest of our companions; but by far the most remarkable for eccentricity was a little—very little—sharp-featured, but rather handsome Castilian, with large jet-black flaming eyes, and a profusion of jet-black curling hair. He was an enthusiast, an orator, a poet, and, I believe, a madman. He told everybody, severally and apart, and with the strictest injunctions of secresy, that he was an Infante travelling incognito. He favoured me with his notion on the art and excellence of king-craft. His intended system of monarchy, if he should ever come to the throne—an accession which he seemed to look to as a not improbable event—was very simple; but I fear it would hardly prosper in this Iberian realm. "I would rule my people," he said, "with a loaf of bread in one hand, and a whip in the

other. They should have plenty of bread, and plenty of blows. That is the way to govern." Fancy this smallest of black dwarfs, who spoke like an oracle, the stay and scourge of the trembling Spains! Our diamond Benedick played him off admirably; and the royalty in disguise did not seem to have the least suspicion that the professed deference and homage were waggery in disguise, almost amounting to *lèse-majesté*. Yet the drolling and gleeking of the wag could have deceived no one else. To me the farce was less amusing than unpleasant; for I could not, as I watched the flashing glances of the Castilian, get rid of the impression that he was insane, and therefore an object of pity.

After dinner, profiting by a lecture from our lecturing friend, Don C——y S——, on the *sin* of employing the mind when all the nervous force is required by the stomach to assist it in the process of digestion, I took my chair, placed it in the balcony, and there sat idly under the shade of the grass-woven blind, peeping out at the side to watch the passers-by.

The handsome scarfs excited my envy. They are made precisely like the Highland plaids, only much larger, and generally of the gayest colours. I saw

some, however, of black and white check, like the common Scotch plaid. A white ground, crossed by broad stripes of scarlet, and narrow stripes of gold colour, and finished at each end with handsome tassels, not large, but very numerous, appeared the favorite style. Some are brown and white, and some self-coloured, richly embroidered at the ends. Hats with sugar-loaf crowns, surmounted by a gay ornament: sometimes a tassel of silks of every colour —sometimes a bow of ribbons—sometimes an ornament of gold or silver, or what looked like a precious stone set in silver. A sandal shoe made of the feather-grass, or Spanish rush, is much worn; it is laced on the foot by strings made of the same plaited grass. Short, wide, white trousers, hardly reaching to the knee; sometimes feetless white stockings; but more frequently the legs bare; so that this costume of Murcia has much of the Highland character about it, differing only in colour. The fashion of both is of Roman origin, and each country has coloured its dress in harmony with its respective earth or *sky*. Mantillas are universal; we never see a bonnet. In undress, a handkerchief merely is worn over the head. Cloaks, among the gentlemen and

burgesses, are universal too; with the French hat, or the Andalucian hat, or a cap of any sort. Carthagena is one of those places that impress the mind with a deep feeling of melancholy, difficult to shake off. It is not the state of utter ruin of the ancient works on the heights that produces this effect, for time can clothe even ruins with cheerfulness; but it is the falling into ruin of the more modern buildings, the decay of trade, the complete stagnation of the national works of that grand arsenal, and the consequent absence of life and spirit in the town and among the people,—this it is that so saddens the heart. When you look round and see what nature still does for the place, and what man *has* done to carry out her protecting principle, you cannot but mourn over such a wreck of former greatness.

We returned to our steamer, as enjoined, by six o'clock, but we did not sail till eight.

THURSDAY 14TH.

Again on deck before the deck-passengers had removed themselves and their beds from the floor. No easy matter to steer your way through this sleeping company, and most disagreeable. These filthy

steamers do, indeed, want some reform; to English notions, nothing can be much more disgusting,—but enough of that. This was a cold, dull morning, and heavy rain came on about eight o'clock.

The same barren coast still! Fine outline of mountains rising abruptly from the sea before you enter the bay of Alicante,—bay it can hardly be called. The mountains to the west fall away, or rather retire, to leave place for trees and houses and green fields; while to the east, a bold hill rises abruptly, crowned by a castle, and fringed on each side with its walls and towers. Under this hill lies the town and its shipping, which is now considerable, for Alicante has taken the place of Carthagena as a port of call. We did not land, the weather was so unpromising; and we were assured, we had the best of the town from the sea; for we should not have had time to go about, hunting for leave to enter this gate, and that tower, or to examine churches, &c. Some of the passengers, however, did land at Alicante, at the earnest request of our French friend, who had come down into the cabin, imploring somebody to go *à terre* with him, as he was half-dead with sea-nausea.

Many showers continued to fall all day, and at last a hurricane of a *small* kind overtook us; then followed thunder and lightning, and then pelting rain. The two steamers of Cadiz met here, and had a closer meeting than either liked. It was during the hurricane, which whisked them both round before they knew where they were; and thump went the stern of our old Gaditano against the side of his younger brother, and stove in some planks of his own boat, which was slung astern. Happily, no greater mischief was done; but no little effort was necessary on the part of crew and passengers to separate the combatants, and get them beyond each other's reach. As the storm passed away, the effect of sunshine and gloom on earth and sea and sky was indescribably beautiful. We left Alicante at seven; and so long as I remained on deck, the coast preserved the same sullen character. But next morning my eyes opened on a different country. Those barren-seeming rocks which we had left behind carried their wealth within —all *that* was the mining district between Almeria and Alicante. Now, the wealth is on the surface; and it is grateful to the eye of the voyager to rest upon green fields and green trees, after that long

tract of bare brown rock and sand; and it does gladden the heart to see again the dwellings of man glittering and glistening in the cheerful sunshine,—for as the day advanced, the sky, which in the early morning was an English sky,—dark and gloomy,—brightened up, and by the time we anchored at Valencia, the day was cloudless.

Got on shore quickly as possible, and into a *tartana*, the carriage of Valencia,—like an English covered cart, but comfortably stuffed and lined with cloth, cushioned seats, *swung* along each side, windows in front, and door with a window in it at the end. In a carriage of this kind we seated ourselves, along with the young Frenchman, and a person from one of the inns, and were *jolted* up to the town, a distance of full two miles. The road, though so bad under foot, was very pleasant: one long, continuous, shady avenue of weeping poplars and elms, and on either side the country was rich and smiling,—clean, comfortable, white-washed houses, neatly thatched, standing among luxuriant corn-fields, vineyards, meadows, and gardens. The whole of the plain around Valencia, indeed, has so much the appearance of one vast garden, that you hardly are

aware when you do come into the garden-ground of the city. We crossed the bridge, which has for its guards at the town end, the Virgin Mary to the right, and St. Pascal opposite to her. The river at this season is a mere streamlet, and very muddy (probably, too, its water was drained off for irrigation); but that at some seasons it must bring down an immense body of water, is evident from the length of the bridge. This being crossed, we were soon under the city wall,—the *Moorish* wall, perfect as if but finished yesterday. The door of our carriage was opened, as we passed under the gateway, by a soldier, who at once took our word, that we had "no luggage," and allowed us to proceed. The first building we came to was the cigar manufactory,—not so large as the one at Seville, but very handsome. After breakfasting *à la fourchette*, we went off, to make the most we could of our two hours and a half for *seeing* Valencia. We followed Ford's directions, and by this means saw as much as it was possible, except that, as it happened to be Friday, we lost too much of our precious time in going to hear the *Miserere* at the chapel of the Colegio de Corpus. The gentlemen were disappointed in the effect. We

ladies were not permitted to enter the chapel, as we were not dressed in mantillas. From this chapel we went to the cathedral, which we *raced* through; then up to the top of the tower,—a glorious view. The plain of Valencia is even richer than the Vega of Granada; it is much more highly cultivated, and much more populous. May-be, it is not richer by nature, but art enriches it more. Valencia is a rising city,—Granada a declining one. Here the wonderful works and plans for irrigation, introduced by the Moors, are kept up and applied as in their time,—certainly not to the advantage of the poor robbed river. Mountain outline good, but nothing after Granada. Town striking, with its many towers and spires, and gold and silver and blue cupolas. The cathedral itself a most curious building, with its low square lantern-tower, and its numerous gold cupolas all round the roof: these cupolas are not golden, nor even gilded, though I have given them an epithet from *El Dorado;* they are simply covered with a glazed tile that has the effect of gold. Again we raced down the tower, and round the choir and high altar: on our way out, saw two good pictures near the door; but we had no time to look at pictures, and

therefore did not pretend to attempt it. Besides, had time allowed, the light would not; for the building is so dark, we could not have seen them, really seen them, without lamps. Many of the windows are rich in painted glass; the green, and the yellow, or rather orange, struck me particularly. From the cathedral we pursued our way down the principal streets, and into the market, which was plentifully supplied with fine fruits and vegetables, and to the Alameda; and then we were obliged to hasten back to our inn. The Museo was closed. The streets are very narrow, and, for the most part, not paved; but in the principal thoroughfares there is a well-flagged foot-way on each side. The houses are very picturesque and handsome, each with its arched gateway, conducting to a patio surrounded by arched colonnades. Many of the houses are painted tastefully outside. Many flat roofs; but it seemed to me that here the sloping roof is more common.

Sorry were we to be compelled so soon to say farewell to pleasure-giving Valencia; for how genuine is the pleasure that it gives to a traveller to enter a busy, cheerful, flourishing town in Spain, where he

meets too frequently desolation and decay. Indeed, it was a trial to turn our backs on Valencia, to return to that *dear* (I mean expensive) dirty, dawdling steamer, and her *spitting* company.

We, however, received from Valencia a valuable acquisition to our society, a young and handsome English matron, one of those noble-looking women, of manners unaffectedly refined, which it is refreshing to one's patriotism to meet with abroad, now and then. Mr. ——, when he first saw her, said to me, *sotto voce*:—

"She is not happy, though her smile would fain the truth deny;
I know too much of sorrow's guile to trust a laughing eye."

And he was right. We were heart-saddened, long afterwards, when some particulars of her story were related to us. She was accompanied by her child, a handsome sprightly boy, about nine years old.

The wind was up, so I was down, and in my berth, and obliged to remain there till we were within an hour's sail of the bay of Barcelona. Could not answer the call to come and look upon Montserrat. Here the coast of Catalonia is certainly very fine—a rich green plain running down to the water's edge, thickly sprinkled over with trees, and studded with

dwellings, bounded by a range of mountains, of which the outline is magnificent; now rising in peaks, now presenting a bold rounded head, now falling away suddenly, as if purposely to show to the passer-by other heights behind, as rich in verdure and in mountain variety as their own, which have so long gladdened both eye and heart. The white houses of Barcelona are seen long before you near the harbour, which lies snugly under one of those bluff headlands that rise abruptly from the plain, and this headland you have to double, coming from the west, before you are in harbour; and how thankful were we to round it just before the sun sank behind the hills—and how grandly did he sink! One quarter of an hour more and the time for landing would have expired, and we must have rocked for twelve or fourteen hours longer in that horrid steamer. But, thanks to our good star, we landed; and, thanks to Don C——y S——, we were very speedily in a carriage, through the Custom-house, and on our uninterrupted way to our inn, the "Cuatro Naciones," on the Rambla; and, thanks to the warm baths of the Calle de San Francisco, we could that night go to rest in comfort.

BARCELONA, SUNDAY, 17TH.

Beautiful day for us. Fresh breeze and no burning sun, but just enough of sunshine and cloud to give life and beauty to all around. Our friend, the lecturing Don, came to us soon after ten A.M., and proposed that we should accompany him to the end of the pier, whither he was obliged to go about his passport, and other regulations most odious to the feelings of a freedom-loving Catalan fresh from New York. He was to apply for permission to take up his abode for a few weeks in Barcelona, his native city! And should he be inclined to leave the hotel where he has now settled himself, to go into another lodging, or to take a house of his own, he must again appear at the office, state his wishes and intentions, and obtain leave to move. We bent our steps towards the Muralla del Mar, a broad, well-kept, breezy terrace-walk on the ramparts, where the fashionables of Barcelona resort after sunset, when the cool shade of the Alameda is no longer grateful. It was, indeed, a gay and cheerful scene, this Sunday morning, thronged with peasants in their holiday garb, laughing and talking away most merrily. The harbour below crowded with vessels—small craft chiefly, their

gay flags waving or fluttering in the breeze—such a display of flags as I never saw. Each vessel must carry two flags—the national flag, and the flag of the town or district to which it belongs, and many have private flags besides. Barcelona is undoubtedly a fine city, but too modern to be interesting or picturesque; in proof of which I may mention that but twice during our long walks to-day have I regretted the impossibility of attempting to sketch, on passing, the church of San Miguel, and again another church, which looks as ancient, in the street that leads to the Angel-gate. Doubtless, had we had time thoroughly to pry into the old parts of the town, we should have discovered subjects for the pencil without end; and we did observe many curious old houses, and many bits of Roman ruin in the heart of the ancient city.

After walking almost to the end of the pier, we returned and entered the church of Santa Maria del Mar. Splendid painted glass windows, especially the circular window over the great door. The tall, light pillars branching off to form the roof are peculiarly elegant. Leaving the church, we passed through the fruit and vegetable market, more crowded, I suppose, than usual, because it was *Sunday*. Fine-

looking women, and such very pretty, neat, *tight*-looking girls,—their small, rounded waists shown off to great advantage by the black or very dark-coloured bodice, which fits close to the figure, with a coloured petticoat finished by a simple hem. This *saya* is generally of printed cotton. Lilac I observed to be a favourite colour. A kerchief on the neck, neatly pinned down behind and before, and long black mittens, which reach to the short, tight sleeve of the bodice, complete the costume. They wear a kerchief, too, over the head, tied under the chin, as in Portugal. This simple covering for the head seems universal on the coast of the Peninsula. Prussian blue is a favourite colour for the neck kerchief, and a rich crimson or scarlet for the one that covers the head: these two colours agree well together. The southerns have certainly an eye for mingling and harmonizing gay colours, which we northerns know little about.

From the market to a public walk, "El Lancastrin," so called from Don Augustin de Lancaster, the Captain-General of Catalonia, under whose direction it was finished in 1801; and a delightful spot it is for the inhabitants of Barcelona to loiter in, with

its tree-shaded seats, and fountains, and garden-plain, seen between the trunks of the trees, stretching away to the blue hills, and bounded at one end by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. To the ramparts: fine view inland of hill, and plain thickly sown with villas, farm-houses, and comfortable cottages. To the cathedral: the building was commenced in the thirteenth century, and, alas! it is yet unfinished. The portal, or main entrance, has yet to be done. The long, broad flight of stone steps to conduct to this *would-be* magnificent entrance is falling into decay, and hardly a stone of the entrance is laid! The cathedral, though small after those of Seville and Granada, is very beautiful within. But the general effect of the building is destroyed by the heavy marble wall of the choir, which, as you enter from the west, entirely cuts up the view you otherwise would have, through a long vista of noble columns that support the lofty roof of the sanctuary, and its graceful semicircular colonnade of ten pillars meeting at the top to form a canopy over the high altar. The relics of Saint Eulalia, the patroness of the city, repose in a superb shrine in the chapel under the altar. Two

flights of steps lead down to the chapel, from the front of the sanctuary. Raymond Beranger, Count of Barcelona, and his wife, were the founders of the cathedral; their ashes are preserved in the urns placed near the sacristy. The painted glass windows are gorgeous; and how richly do they tinge the dark grey stone of roof and pillars!

Home to table d'hôte dinner. Sumptuous entertainment, and admirably arranged. Cooking more after the French than Spanish fashion. Here, as at Granada, one or more of the gentlemen kept on their hats. No smoking, but the spitting horrible! We were the only ladies of the company, which was a large one. In the course of the afternoon, we walked to the "Puerta del Angel," and a little beyond that we got into a public shandrydan, and were conveyed (three persons for 7½*d.*) to Gracia, the Hampstead of Barcelona, a full mile and a half distant from the gate; and all this way you travel on a public walk carried through shady avenues. There are three roads abreast; the centre, which is very broad, is appropriated to pedestrians, and the other two to carriages and horsemen, the goers to the city keeping to the right side, the out-goers to the left.

(You pass by "chocolate gardens," prettily laid out; and to these the towns-folk resort, as to the tea-gardens in the neighbourhood of London.) A low wall, that also answers for the purpose of seats, runs along both sides of this triple road, and the wall is guarded outside by a hedge of sweet roses. These the children seem free to pluck, for every child we met had its hand full of roses, and still the hedge appeared laden with flowers. The country is a continuation of what we looked upon from the ramparts, only the circumstances under which we saw it on our return from Gracia this evening were peculiarly happy; there were stray lights streaming from a sun setting in a stormy sky, a slight shower falling, and a brilliant rainbow, forming an arch over the city of Barcelona. On our walk city-ward, we turned aside into one of the chocolate-gardens, and were pleased to observe the quiet, orderly manner in which the people were enjoying their holiday.

Next morning, we went very early to the cathedral, hoping to ascend the tower. Mass was going on, and we could not see the sacristan; and after lingering about the building more than an hour, studying the painted glass, the pillars, the roof,

and the curious altar, and the boots and scissors engraven on the cloister-floor—honest symbols of the trades of those who lie buried beneath—we were obliged to give up the ascent for the present, and go about some shopping, in which we had failed at Granada. Our grand wants were books and *Spanish* fans. The books were not to be had, and the fan-hunt was hardly more successful; though, after a great deal of trouble, and trotting hither and thither, we were directed to an immense warehouse, and here we did find some fans, made and painted in Spain, and by Spaniards; but it is quite true that ninety-nine out of a hundred—or even more than that—of the fans *sold* in Spain come from France. Nor is that to be wondered at, when you see what clumsy things the Spanish *abanicos* are. Cigar-cases, too, and all little dandy appendages of the kind, are French.

At mid-day, four of us started in a double fly for Horta. Beautiful day; beautiful drive; abominable road; fig trees very fine; aloes and cactus in flower; orange trees in fruit and flower; corn fields and potato gardens; vineyards and olive grounds; level ground—undulating ground; hills round—hills conical, covered to their summits with vines, and at their

feet single houses, or hamlets, which often extend up the dingles, and look most snug abodes, half lost among fig trees and groves of oranges. In one of these dingles lies "*El Laberinto.*" This garden was the main object of our drive,—a pretty thing of the sort, with its gravel walks, walls of cypresses, steps, terraces, summer-houses, grottoes, fountains, pools filled with gold and silver fish, statuary, labyrinth, bosky waterfalls, open and shady pathways, where the nightingales sing delightfully; and more than all, that deep wooded dingle, down which a dancing brook would be your eye as well as your ear companion, were its waters not diverted from their natural course to play mountebank pranks among rocks and stones, and which, though pretty enough, are not half so pretty as the gambols the brook would play if left to its own fancy. The house is poor, and the paltry, make-believe, castle-like additions which were in progress when we were there will only add to its poverty. The views from the garden terraces are very extensive, over the rich and populous vale through which we had driven, and bounded in front by the Mediterranean,—on either side by vine-clad hills.

From this fair garden we drove to another, that of Señor Anglada, about a mile distant, situated, not like El Laberinto, in a dingle, but on the top of a knoll of the same mountain-side. Here all the beauty, except that of the landscape which the position commands, is artificial, consisting of fountains, statues, summer-houses, clipped hedges, &c. I was not a little entertained by the high garden walls which are painted to represent houses; here is a window where a cat is sitting to sun herself: there, at a half-open door, a set of little heads are peeping out; by another and lower door a cock is strutting in to look after his brooding partlet. One very pretty effect of artifice I observed in the pools that encircle some of the water-jets,—groups of the Lily of the Nile; the vessels in which they are planted being sunk under the water, the flowers seem to be the native growth of these pools. The useful was here attended to as well as the ornamental, for a full half of the pleasure-ground, and close to the house, too, is devoted to the produce of grain: and cherry trees, laden with ripe fruit, were standing among the corn. Both at this Huerta Anglada and at the Labyrinth, there were tablets setting forth, rather

ostentatiously, the fact that the Catholic Majesty, Ferdinand the Seventh, had honoured the place with a visit.

We reached the city before six, and hurried off to the cathedral, hoping to be more fortunate in our *aspiring views* than in the morning. Prayers were over, but christenings were going on, and the sacristan was again engaged. We watched our opportunity, and sent him a message by one of the children of the altar. The answer was, "No one can ascend the tower." This did not satisfy us, and we would speak to the sacristan ourselves; so we lingered about the cathedral, which you cannot enter too often; and most beautiful it was this evening, with the strong light of a sinking sun pouring through the splendid windows, and falling upon the fine pillars of the colonnade that encircles the altar. We spoke to the sacristan, and received the same answer; on which Mr. —— inquired the reason. "I have received orders from the Captain-General to permit no one to ascend the tower." We walked away, almost as moody as mutinous Catalans. We had a tower-ascending mania; and we had been up all the towers within our reach from Dan to Beersheba,

and found nothing barren of interest. The prohibition, it was said, was in consequence of the feverish state of this turbulent province, the tops of such towers being convenient positions to make or receive signals.

On coming out of the cathedral, we paid a second or third visit to the Plateria, and its enormous earrings and gold chains, and strolled leisurely through other streets, going we knew not exactly whither—the pleasantest of all ways,—till we found ourselves in the Plaza del Mar; and thence we returned to our inn by the "Muralla del Mar," which was crowded with people of all degrees. I am never weary of admiring the graceful mantilla and the elegant fan; and what a picture it is when, by the side of her mantilla-coifed mother, some lovely child, her head uncovered, is running along, while the sea-breeze plays with her ringlets. Many such pictures we saw; for it is common here for children to walk out without kerchief or other coiffure; but the custom is by no means universal, for we often saw small damsels in French bonnets walking with ladies who wore mantillas; and at Barcelona the fashion of wearing bonnets is more prevalent among

the ladies than I liked to see. White mantillas or scarfs—some of silk, others of stuff, or cloth—are much worn among the poorer classes; the effect is heavy and unbecoming out of doors; but on kneeling or prostrate figures amid the deep gloom of the churches that sort of head-dress is very touching. It is impossible for a stranger to enter these dark churches without some feeling of awe. When you first go in from the bright sunshine, you literally seem to be going into utter darkness; by degrees one part of the building after another opens upon you, and at last you can see distinctly all but the finer sculpture and the pictures.

The Rambla was crowded, and so it is always. Barcelona is unlike any other Spanish town we have visited; it is noisy and busy by day, and noisy and idle by night. Our hotel, the "Cuatro Naciones," we found most comfortable, and the bill extremely moderate. We left these pleasant quarters at five A.M. on Tuesday the 19th—a beautiful morning; many of the shops already open; men sweeping the streets, which are kept very clean. Mr. —— had promised last night to wait for "*Number Forty-four*,"—Monsieur St. P——, the young Frenchman; but a waiter,

who was sent to his chamber before we started, came back with the report that "No. 44" was not to be found. He was already gone out. We met him in the street, on his way back to the inn, after an hour's unsuccessful cruise in search of some early-rising hatter who would sell him a *sombrero* — a shady hat.

The pier seems the *granary* for the city, a remarkable proof of the dryness of the climate. Heaps and heaps of corn, for sale or exportation, lying on mats; but with no covering whatever over the grain. Pretty umbrella-tents were scattered about this part of the pier, protecting the store-keepers from the sun; round the stick of the umbrella was a table, and round that again a circular seat; the covering was of white and blue cotton, in squares or stripes, and with a deep flounce.

Before we got into a boat to return to our detested *Gaditano Primero*, Monsieur St. P—— made his appearance, having settled his affairs at the hotel, and having, moreover, at last achieved the purchase of a *sombrero* that would have won the heart of a Virginia planter's daughter by its breadth of brim.

Few words will suffice for the coast, as any good

map will give its outline, and the names of the towns and villages we passed by. We kept all day very near the shore, which from Barcelona to the Gulf of Rosas is a succession of pretty bays, divided by hills that run into the sea. In several of these semicircular bays, small towns were sparkling; between each of them and the sea was a platform of clear reddish sand; behind them a range of green hills, cultivated to the top, and behind these again a fine back-ground of loftier hills, rocky and varied in form; but the general effect was rather graceful than grand; though some of the turreted peaks close over upon the sea, and some of the more abrupt great hills, were far from wanting in majesty. There was more verdure, more trees, on this eastern side of Spain than we had usually seen on the southern side.

GULF OF LYONS, MAY 20TH.

On deck early. Sea as smooth as our own Windermere on a mild May morning; no land in sight; fish coming up to feed, or play on the surface of the water. First words from Mr. —— when he joined me on deck about eight (how welcome, and how unwelcome!):—"You are now off France; do you

see the coast?" Welcome, as telling of our approach to England; unwelcome, as telling of our having left Spain, after having seen so little (yet *multum in parvo*) of that magnificent land.

I did perceive the French coast, and tame and uninteresting it was, and barren it looked, till we came within sight of the rich and populous neighbourhood of Marseilles, behind which a high and irregular outline of hill again appears. The bay is very beautiful; to the left is gently-sloping ground, thickly studded with villages, villas, and cottages; to the right, bold bare rocks and rocky islands, on which fortresses are raised; and the main land, resuming its bolder character, forms a fine mountain back-ground.

While almost everybody was on deck watching the coast, or looking out for the haven, as we glided over the smoothest of waters—for there was not a breath of wind strong enough to raise a ripple—the Infante was below in the saloon, singing to himself with loud glee. Attracted by the noise, Mrs. B.'s little boy peeped down the skylight and saw him attitudinising and gesticulating with great force while he sang. The child called to some of the gentlemen to witness

the odd scene; and one of them, the wicked wag of the diamonds, told the boy to go down and ask the Infante whether he was rehearsing for the opera. Indignant at being taken for a player, the Castilian demanded the name of the person who had sent the boy on so insolent an errand. The boy innocently enough answered that it was one of the gentlemen on deck, but he did not know his name. Up rushed the Infante in a fit of rage that it was awful to see even in that *homunculus;* and he unluckily directed his fury against Mr. St. P——, whom he took it into his head to select as the author of the affront, while the real offender was silently grinning and enjoying the success of his silly joke. The Infante's vituperation of the astonished Frenchman was wonderfully fierce; he did indeed "tear passion to tatters." But he was no actor here: his passion was too earnest to be ridiculous, though he foamed at the mouth, clenched his fists, gnashed his teeth, and stared as if his eyes were going to start out of his head. But he did at last make us smile, when, drawing up his person to the full dignity of its height—about four feet at the utmost, he said to Monsieur St. P——, "Do you know, Sir, the peril

you have incurred? I could throw you up to the top of that funnel. I feel such strength within me at this moment, that I could take up an elephant and hurl it into the sea." Monsieur St. P—— behaved perfectly. He at first tried to soothe the wild little man with assurances that he was mistaken in supposing that any affront was intended towards him. This only seemed to exasperate him the more. St. P—— then declared that, at all events, he was not the person in fault, if any provocation had been given. The disclaimer was met with a flat accusation of falsehood, and in the twinkling of an eye the Infante drew out a knife from his pocket and unsheathed it. Mr. ——, who had been trying to pacify him, now seized his arm, and a woman, the wife of the captain of the steamer, dexterously wrenched the knife out of the Infante's hand. Monsieur St. P——, whose patience was gone, said: "Well, Sir, since you fasten a quarrel on me, we will settle it on shore. Don't let us make any more noise here." "What do you mean?" said his Highness. "I mean that I will fight you when we land," was the answer. "Fight *me!* *You,* a plebeian, fight *me!*" exclaimed the Castilian. "When I fight it must be

with a nobleman, not with a clown." "Have you got your patent of *noblesse* in your pocket?" replied the Frenchman; "if you have, show it, and I will produce mine." But the captain now came up from the fore-cabin, and taking it for granted that the Castilian must have really received some outrage, began to reproach the Frenchman with an air of authority. He was, however, soon silenced, and the Infante's fit of passion ended in a fit of tears, and there the matter ended. The moment it was suggested to Monsieur St. P—— that the Castilian was in all probability a maniac, the brave young Frenchman recovered his good humour, and said, "If I had thought of that, I should have taken no notice of his abuse."

Some of the passengers had told the jester, who was the cause of all that disturbance, and whom R—— called Don Diamond Younghusband, that the jewels he had bought for his wife would certainly be seized at the French custom-house as Spanish contraband. Alarmed at this intelligence, he consulted the Frenchman as to the fact, and he by way of gay revenge for the trouble he had been put to with the Infante, assured the wag that his diamonds would be seized,

though he confessed to us that he knew nothing about the custom-house regulations. The idea of losing those brilliants was no joke to the young Spaniard, and in his perplexity he was advised to ask me to take charge of them, as they might be more likely to pass among a lady's things. He was, however, too modest to ask the favour, so one of his friends asked it through Mr. ——. Little R—— insisted upon it that Don Diamond's wife must not lose her diamonds. I did not suppose there was any risk of that, and I answered that I would not attempt to smuggle them, but that I would, if the owner liked, place them in one of my boxes where they might be seen at once, and where I had no doubt they would be safe enough. The precious casket was brought to me, and I had it carefully placed in a portmanteau in such a way as that it could not seem to have been concealed. Mr. —— told me that this was the best plan. Before we landed, Mr. —— gave our keys to the Commissioner of the Hotel Orient, and we did not even accompany our luggage to the custom-house, yet when we got to the inn, rather a long walk, which we took leisurely, there were our packages all ready, and all safe, dia-

monds included; while Mrs. B——, who went with us to the same inn, and who had her Italian courier and her own maid to look after her effects, did not receive them for some hours. We attributed the speedier clearance of ours to Mr. ——'s having trusted everything to the Commissioner.

As we were going ashore, Mons. St. P—— asked us to take in our hands two green velvet foot-cushions embroidered in gold. He had bought them at Tangiers for his mother at Nantes, and was doubtful whether they would pass among his luggage. I took one of them, and R—— another. Mine was examined by an officer on the pier, and allowed to pass. Neither little R—— nor her cushion were seen. She passed in the crowd, and was greatly delighted at being, as she said of herself, "too small to be visible. So you see," she added, "there is an advantage sometimes in being little."

The entrance to the port of Marseille, like that of Cartagena, is wonderfully protected by nature, and the port itself is a grand harbour, and crowded with shipping: the number of steamers remarkable. But the air of this port is dreadful, and one thinks it impossible that Marseille can ever be free from

pestilence, and yet they say the effect of the foul *air* is not injurious, though that of the water is fatal; for we were assured that no one was known to recover who had fallen by accident into this harbour from ship or shore. This might be an exaggeration; but let no traveller be persuaded by any one of that persecuting tribe, customer-catchers for hotels, more troublesome than Ramsgate *touters,* to go to an inn upon or near to the quay of Marseille. We were fortunate in being strongly recommended to the Orient, and found that hotel well deserving the character that had been given to it. Don Diamond soon came for his treasure, and he could hardly believe that it was not only secure, but that there was nothing to pay, and that he was free to take it where he would. He was grateful; and we were pleased because we had *not* smuggled it for him, but fairly let it take its chance with our own things. "*With* your own," objects Mrs. Scruple; "yes, and *as* your own."—"*Aye, there's the rub;* Mrs. Scruple, I fear, you have taken a sound objection to an unsound plausibility, and I am not quite easy on that point. I must call in the aid of my Portuguese motto: I meant nothing wrong: it was all *por bem, por bem.*

The town is very handsome, but too English-looking to be interesting, and too well known to be dwelt upon here, though in ancient historical interest it may leave even Seville or Granada or Cartagena far behind. We rested here two days, and then hastened forwards by diligence through Aix, Avignon, and Valence to Lyons. There we remained over Sunday, and on Monday we again proceeded by diligence through Roanne, Moulins, Nevers, Briare to Orleans, and thence by railway to Paris, where we remained three weeks. We then went to Rouen by railway, and down the Seine by steam to Havre de Grace. Once out of that harbour we were at home, for we were in the British channel, and in a few hours we were landed at Southampton.

What! pass from one extremity of France to the other, and through the best part too, and not one word? Not one. Avignon, Vaucluse, Petrarch, Orleans, Maid of Orleans, away, all away! I will not be tempted. We left a world that is nobody's when we left the Serras of Portugal, and the Sierras of Spain. In France we were in a world that is everybody's, *pace Galliæ.* I might as well babble of our own green fields as of the garden of Provence,

or of the mighty waters of the Rhone, or of the poplar-fringed banks of the Loire and the Loiret. I might as well say something of the architecture of Trafalgar Square as talk of the Place Vendôme and its bronze column, where "The Man" of the gray coat, and three-cornered hat straight to the front, stands aloft once more on the cannon of Marengo! as he did before his first abdication, and looks over the city, wondering what bold Venus gave that stony cestus of fortifications to his Paris, and with it no "apple of discord;" wondering still more what hand, even bolder than his own, has reduced the fair proportions of Le Notre's Garden, and fenced off nursery-walks and play-ground for new lodgers in the Tuilleries. I spare the reader, if I have one who has travelled with me so far, my sage reflections on these and other things as marvellous. I say not one word either about the Louvre or the Morgue: I leave Notre Dame to Victor Hugo, and the Citizen King to Chateaubriand and to Mr. Thiers and Maria Christina. I say nothing of St. Germains, where the sailor king, the last discrowned of our Stuarts, was content to die, but where his courteous host the fourteenth Louis, called the Great, could not

endure to live, because the palace commanded one unpleasant prospect, far off but yet too near the church of St. Denis, where he one day must be gathered to his silent ancestors. I could more wisely describe the Force of Dungeon Ghyll and the Fall of Foyers, with the pictures painted around them by the mistress-hand of Nature, than St. Cloud and its water-works, and Versailles and its water-works, and its works in oil-colours, and its Trianons, and its everything, all admirable as they are,—all gay as Youth, and sad as Memory. Rouen, with its St. Ouen, and its Palais de Justice, and its—but here again I was tempted to be an echo to Echo. Here again, too, that haunting unlaid ghost, the Maid of Orleans, stirred my woman's pulse, and bade me cry out, "Shame on Bedford!" But the stones that pave the little square, where her effigy now stands, the place where she was burnt alive, are eloquently hot, and warned me off.

There were two boys, each of whom possessed a magpie. The one boy boasted to the other, "My magpie talks—your's can't." The owner of the mute bird answered, "Yes, my magpie can't talk, but she thinks the more!" Unluckily for the reader, I did

not hear this story till I landed at Marseille; but having heard it, I travel from one end of France to the other, and say nothing; or cry his mercy for not having been equally thoughtful and taciturn on my perch in Portugal, and on my flitting along the south and eastern coast of Spain.

NOTES.

Vol. I. page 6.

The Belle.—The story from which this extract was taken has been recently published in "Tait's Magazine."

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I can, however, cite two instances in which personal friends of ours seem to have been betrayed by their guides.—The other instance was as follows:—Our friend Captain D——, an English naval officer, and another gentleman, attached to the British embassy, were at Setuval (St. Ubes, as we call it.) While at breakfast, before starting on their return to Lisbon, they had an altercation with the man from whom they hired their mules, who was trying hard to cheat them. Neither of the gentlemen happening to be meekly disposed, they poured forth their indignation without reserve. Suddenly the muleman ceased to expostulate, and, after listening to them for awhile without uttering a word in reply, left the room. In about ten minutes he returned, and calmly informed them that "all was settled." There was something in his air which drew from Mr. B. the remark, "If that man were an Italian, I should say he meant to assassinate us." The two Englishmen had so little suspicion of danger, that they did not keep very close to each other. Captain D—— was considerably in advance, when suddenly a man, who was lying on his face by the road-side as if asleep, jumped up in front of his horse, and, levelling a gun, demanded his money. Captain D—— answered with a threatening gesture, and was about to apply his whip to the fellow's shoulders, when Mr. B. shouted out, "Take care, D——, look to your left!" He looked, and saw other men, all crouching, in one of the thickets that abounded along the way-sides, and each man with a gun pointed at him. These men slowly raised themselves, and advanced, keeping their arms still levelled at Captain D——, until they surrounded him,

and obliged him to dismount. Mr. B——, who might have got away, as he was at a good distance in the rear at the moment, rode up of course, and took his chance with his friend. Unarmed as they were, resistance would have been worse than useless; yet the sailor was rashly bent on coming to close quarters with the land-pirates, and his obstinacy nearly cost him his life; for one of the villains was about to fire on him, when the leader of the gang knocked the gun aside. In short, the two Englishmen were robbed of a considerable sum of money, and of some things which no money could replace. Captain D—— lost a gold watch and chain that had belonged to his father, and which were the last gifts of his mother, and also a little ring of hers, which he had worn ever since she died. For this relic he pleaded hard and promised to pay any sum for it, though it was only of cornelian, but one of the robbers drew a knife from his girdle, intimating that he would have the ring with or without the finger.

Mr. B——, a few days afterwards, saw his watch in a shop-window at Lisbon, and recovered it through the police; but no other trace of the robbery, and none whatever of the robbers, was discovered. Both the English gentlemen attributed the attack to the perfidy of their muleman, and not improbably, though here, as in Mr. H——'s adventure also, there was no proof of treachery. Major P—. whose disaster is reported at p. 92 of the first volume, was unquestionably robbed by his escort. But in all these cases there seems to have been more or less want of prudence in the parties robbed. Any incautious Londoner might lose his purse, or even his life, in a less romantic fashion on Primrose Hill or Hampstead Heath.

Vol. II. page 25.

The *Infant Christ* and the *Christ among the Doctors* here noted are two, of seven paintings on panel, a series on our Saviour's Childhood, by Gran Vasco. His St. Peter is likewise here; but it was rolled up, waiting for a frame, when I was at the Museum. There are also three of the most admired paintings of Vieira Lusitano—a St. Augustine, a Holy Family and a St. Bruno; another St. Bruno by Sequeira; a Baptism of St. Augustine by Sanches Coelho, a Christ at the Pillar, by (?) Gaspar Dias, or by Campello; four pictures by the rapid hand of Bento Coelho, and five by the equally ready Pedro Alexandrino. These, I think, were all the productions of any mark, by native artists, that were in the Museum, when I was there. Among the few estimable specimens of foreign art was a sweet Madonna, attri-

buted of course to Raphael, and a Christ's Descent into Hell, boldly set down to Michael Angelo, as is also a St. Jerome, that attracts and repels you at the same time. These works may be admired without the *prestige* of the great names attached to them. All the pictures in this Museum, native and foreign, were equally badly off for light and arrangement. They were disposed in lumber-room fashion. Some were hung up, some were resting on the floor, and some had their faces turned to the wall, and these last were not the worst pictures. Senhor Assiz, the sculptor of several statues in the Ajuda Palace, was the director of this part of the establishment; and he may, perhaps, by this time, have contrived to put his gallery in order.

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The queen was entering the room by a side-door.—This was Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt. Her younger sister married Don Henry, the first Prince of Asturias, heir to the throne of Castile. These two grand-daughters of our Edward the Third are extolled by Camoens as "graceful, beautiful, and renowned princesses"—*gentis, formosas, inclitas princezas.*

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We heard much of her amiable disposition.—The character here given of the reigning Queen of Portugal is totally different from that which is assigned to her by those among her people who never were or no longer are willing to be her subjects. But they, as usual, seem to impute to the mistress every odious act of her official servants. They complain, too, that she was forced upon them by English and French interference; but this is hardly just, for two-thirds of the nation were in her favour at her accession, whatever they may be now, after having been "fooled to the top of their bent" by her mountebank statesmen. Whether Donna Maria Isabella has a right to the throne, according to the law of Lamego, is another question. She, perhaps, has as good a right as Queen Elizabeth or William III. had to the throne of England,—the right accorded by popular will. On all these three occasions, as on many others in the history of crowns, the *vox populi* appears to have been acknowledged as an echo of the *vox Dei*, or as a substitute for it. Something obnoxious was to be barred out or got rid of—Mary, Queen of Scots, and her religion; James II. and the Pope again; Don Miguel, and his alleged perfidy and tyranny. When the Portuguese had John VI., they complained of King Log: Miguel came to rule them, and they found they had

got King Crané. They croaked for a change, and now say they are worse off than ever; and King Crane lives in hopes of being invited back again.

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We here saw the famous bible of the Jeronymites.—Among its ornaments are some beautiful paintings, attributed to Julio Romano, but thought more like Perrugino's. (See Errata.) Villela da Silva, in his strictures on Balbi, 1828, somewhat indignantly asks, what Portuguese *connoisseur* ever asserted that the miniatures in this Bible were by Julio Romano? He is angry that any of his countrymen should be thought so ignorant as to be capable of committing such an anachronism. Yet in the year 1846 we were so informed by the respectable person who showed us the Bible; and in a small Lisbon Guide, published in 1845, the same assertion is only a little qualified, being expressed precisely as I have expressed it. "As bellissimas pinturas (e tarjas) attribuidas a Julio Romano, parece mais provavel serem de Pedro Perugino." If the last of these seven splendid folios was finished in 1497, it is clear enough that Julio Romano, being then about five years old, could not have been one of the hands employed upon any of them. But as to anachronisms, and confusion of names and styles of painters, I do not know that they are less common in Portugal than in countries that have cultivated the arts with more success. The difficulty is to find Sr. Villela's Portuguese connoisseurs, who will give us some reasonable information, not about Italian artists, but their own.

Page 168.

On our way to the Alhambra.—We were accompanied by Louis the French guide, who told us he had been thirty-six years in Spain; and, not aware that we might have heard he was nothing more or less than a deserter from the French army, he gasconaded on the theme of his personal exploits in the Seven Years' War of France in Spain, as if he had been as prime a sword-player as Murat, *Le Beau Sabreur*, who, by the bye, was also a deserter from Napoleon at a later and more trying hour, after the Paris Eagle had received (not a *coup-de-soleil*, but) a *coup-de-glace*. We found this Louis a sad chattering bore, and were soon glad to resign him to a young French gentleman, Monsr. St. P., who had come in the coach with us from Malaga, and with whom, as the sequel shows, we afterwards became better acquainted.

Page 187.

About to return to Malaga.—Of the "Casa de Pilatus," which greatly interested some of my companions, and of several other *lions* at Granada, I have not spoken, because I was not with my party when they saw them. Indeed I have omitted all notice of many things which I did see, not only at Seville and Granada but all along the Spanish coast, because I found every thing in Ford, and far better described than I could hope to describe any thing. It seems even a sort of impertinence to come so soon after him on this track and not be silent altogether. The Spaniards themselves, I believe, would more than tolerate his admirable book but for his continual ridicule of "las cosas de España," and of their Mariolatry, and but for the excess, as they think, of his own Duxolatry.

ERRATA.

Vol. I., page 22, *dele* line 16th.
„ „ 77, line 15, *dele* first.
Vol. II., page 72, line 12, *for* quickly *read* quietly.
„ „ 76, line 1, *dele* Gotha.
„ „ 79, line 19, *for* We also saw *read* Among its ornaments are
„ „ 125, line 20, *for* Saxe Coburg *read* Saxe Cobourg Gotha.

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